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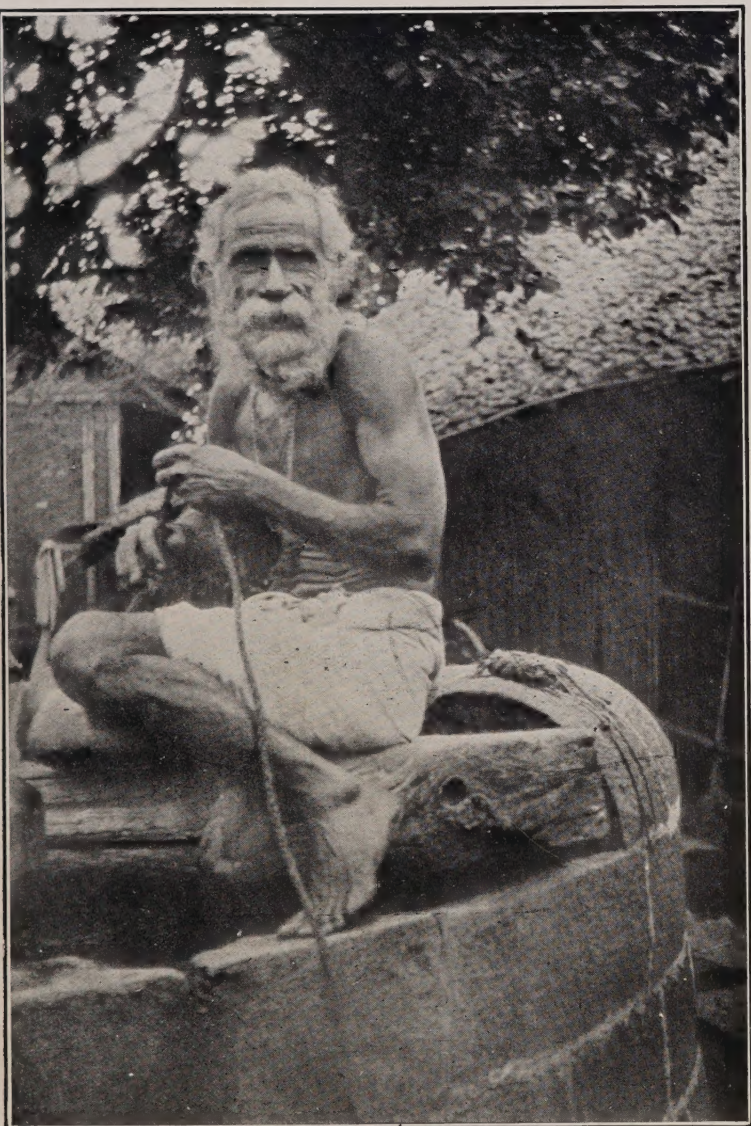
AS THE

AMERICAN

MARATHI

MISSION

KNOWS HER



1929

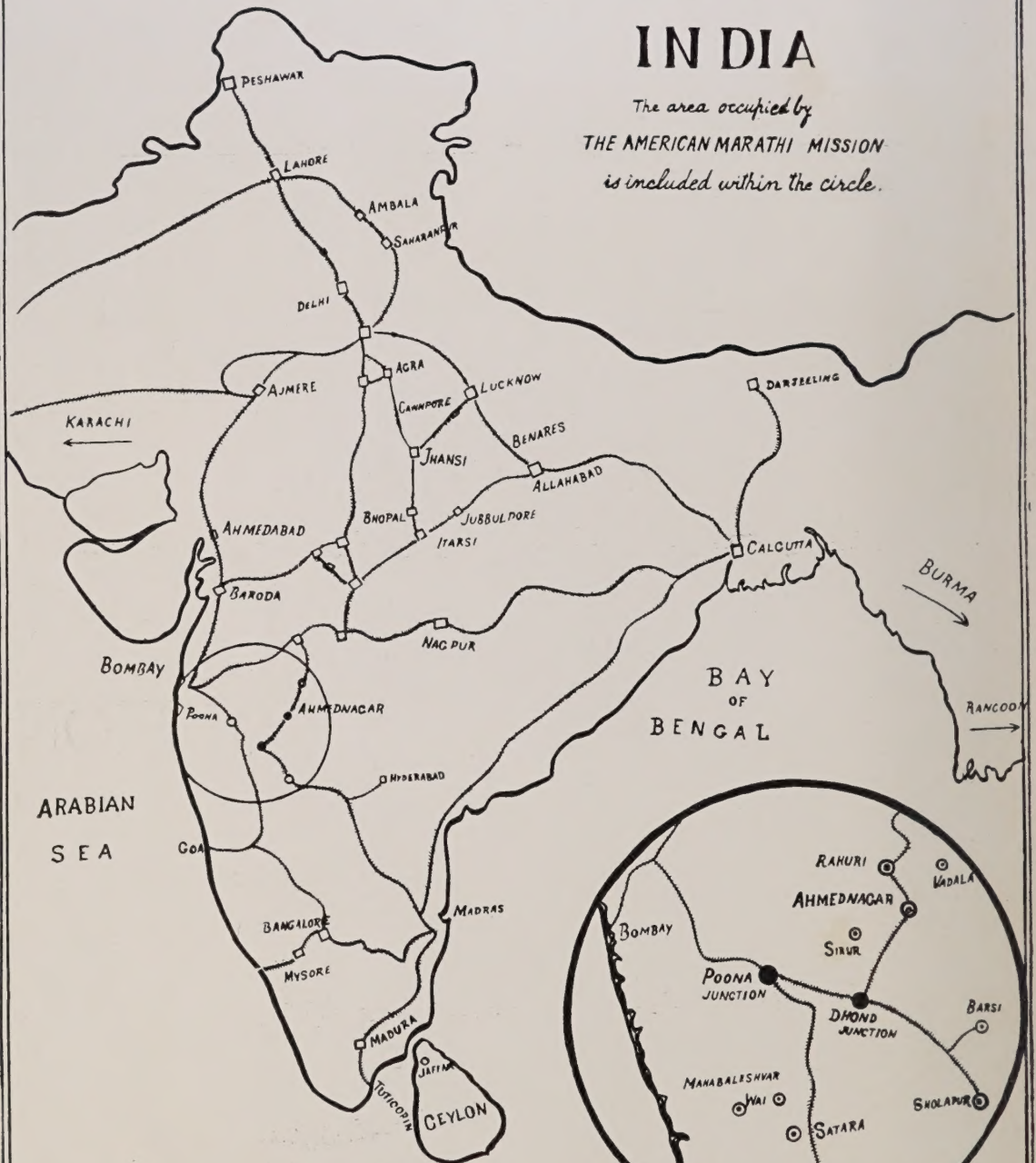


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MAP OF

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*The area occupied by
THE AMERICAN MARATHI MISSION
is included within the circle.*



INDIA

As the American Marathi Mission Knows Her



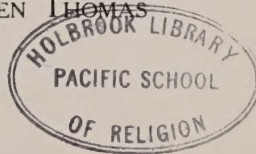
THE GATEWAY OF INDIA

BEING THE REPORT OF THE REPRESENTATIVES IN WESTERN INDIA

OF THE

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

Edited by MARGARET OWEN THOMAS



MYSORE :

PRINTED AT THE WESLEYAN MISSION PRESS

1929

*While the dews drop, while the gray turns to gold,
'Mid tumult of men's wars,
Through the faint silence of the lingering day,
And the long night of stars,—
All pale and still as death she sleeps her sleep,
And God's long watch we keep.*

*Our eyes are heavy with dull weariness,
Laden with slumbering,
So heavy and so dull we do not see
Him coming like a king ;
We do not hear His footfall by our side,—
The Bridegroom for His Bride.*

*' Surely this sleep is death,' we say, ' the spells,
' That keep her bound so long,
' Are stronger than our best enchantments are.'
' There is one spell more strong.'
' Sure, life can ne'er be kindled in a clod.'
' Yea, by the kiss of God.'*

*Then India, tranced, bound for centuries,
Stirs at the whispered word ;
Him our eyes saw not, e'en in sleep she knows
For her predestined Lord.
Lo, at His touch the long enchantment breaks,
And she who slept awakes.*

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MARATHI MISSION BAISAHIBS, MADAMSAHIBS, AND SAHIBS

A Summary of their Locations and Work

Ahmednagar

Mrs. Henry Fairbank, Farrar Schools for Hindu Girls. Bible-women.
Dr. Ruth P. Hume, Physician, Women's Hospital.
Miss Clara H. Bruce, Principal of Girls' High School.
Miss Gertrude Harris, Principal of Bible Training School for Women.
Miss Margaret S. Welles, Teacher in Girls' High School.
Rev. Winfield Q. Swart, Principal of Mission High School for Boys.
Mrs. Lois Andrews Swart, Educational Work in High School for Boys.
Miss Gladys Clark, Nurses' Training in Women's Hospital.
Miss P. Marguerite Grove, Teacher in Girls' High School. (Leaving November, 1929.)
Dr. Maria Korchagina, Physician, Women's Hospital.
Mr. Francis S. Wilder, Teacher in Mission High School for Boys.
Miss Rachel Barnes, Language Study. Educational Work.
Rev. William H. McCance, General Work.
Mrs. Mary McCance, General Work.
Associated with the Mission: Rev. and Mrs. H. K. Wright, Union Training School; Mr. S. Smith, Miss Beatrice Smith, American Mission Industries.

Bombay

Miss Ruth V. Simpson, School for the Blind. Day Schools for Non-Christians.
Miss Gertrude Avery, Bowker Hall Girls' Hostel. Work for Women.
Rev. Clifford Manshardt, Ph.D., Neighbourhood House. Social Service.
Mrs. Agnes Manshardt, Neighbourhood House. Social Service.

Rahuri

Rev. Joseph L. Moulton, Evangelistic Work. District Work.

Mrs. Florence Moulton, Women's Work. Educational Work.
Miss E. Loleta Wood, Educational Work for Girls. (From November, 1929.)

Satara

Miss Isabella Nugent, Educational Work in Station School.
Rev. Wilbur S. Deming, Ph.D., Evangelistic Work. District Work. Editor, *Dnyanodaya*.
Mrs. Elsie S. Deming, Child Welfare Center.
Mr. Lester A. Hill, Language Study. Educational Work.
Mrs. Celia Parks Hill, Language Study.

Sholapur

Rev. William Hazen, Mission Secretary. District work. Community work.
Mrs. Florence Hazen, District work. Community work.
Miss Esther B. Fowler, Principal, Woronoco Girls' School.
Miss M. Louise Wheeler, Principal, Mary B. Harding Kindergarten Training School.
Miss Ella Hoxie, Educational Work, Sholapur Criminal Tribes Settlement.
Miss Margaret G. Hammaker, Educational Work, Woronoco Girls' School.
Miss Frances Emerick, Sholapur Boys' School.
Miss Dorothy Allen, Language Study. Educational Work, Kindergarten Training School.
Mr. G. Ross Thomas, Language Study. Mission Treasurer and Business Manager.
Mrs. Margaret Owen Thomas, Language Study.
Rev. Stephen Hieb, Language Study. Sholapur Settlement.
Mrs. Bethia Hieb, Language Study.
Miss Oline E. Nicholson, Language Study. Sholapur Settlement.
Associated with the Mission: Rev. H. H. Strutton, Manager, Sholapur Criminal Tribes Settlement. Mrs. Edith Strutton.

Vadala

Rev. Edward Fairbank, District Work.

Mrs. Mary Fairbank, District Work.
 Rev. Robert W. Fairbank, Educational Work.
 Mrs. Marie L. Fairbank, Educational Work.

Rev. Wendell Wheeler, Language Study.
 Mrs. Florence Wheeler, Language Study.

Wai

Dr. Lester H. Beals, Physician, Hospital.
 Miss Jean P. Gordon, Educational Work. Evangelistic Work.
 Dr. Walter F. Hume, Physician, Hospital.
 Mrs. Florence Hume.
 Miss Marycarol Jones, Educational Work.
 Miss Katherine Mix, Language Study. Nurse, Hospital.
 Miss Florence Ridley, Language Study. Nurse, Hospital.

On Furlough

Rev. Alden Clark
 Mrs. Mary Clark
 Rev. Arthur A. McBride.
 Mrs. Elizabeth McBride.
 Rev. Richard S. Rose.
 Mrs. Isabel B. Rose.
 Rev. J. F. Edwards.
 Mrs. Katherine V. Gates.
 Miss Lillian Picken.
 Miss Clara Labaree.
 Mrs. Rose F. Beals.

Those Who Have Travelled

Since the last Report there have been many comings and goings among our number. Bound for Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Strutton sailed away for their furlough year in January, 1928. But they did not leave us and their good work in the Sholapur Settlement for long, for on September 14, 1928, they were landing in Bombay once more. From the Sholapur Settlement another of our Mission took her departure from Bombay on March 14, 1928 — Miss Elizabeth Cairns, leaving us, becoming Mrs. Stewart Dodd, on July 28, in Montclair, New Jersey, now resides in Beirut, Syria. On March 15, 1928, Miss Margaret Welles left us for a short furlough, returning the following October 15, with health and spirits renewed. On March 13, 1928, Miss Picken left her work in Satara, and after going north, sailed for America from Calcutta, on April 1. We had one "home-coming" back to India at this time. Miss Louise Wheeler arriving in Bombay on March 9, returned to her work in Sholapur, after furlough. More furloughs were begun in April. On the first day of the month went Miss Labaree. And, three days later, April 4, Mr. and Mrs. Rose bid us farewell. After their year of furlough they have gone to Athens, to teach in the School of Religion there. On the 25th of April, Mrs. McBride with Esther, Jeanette, and Lesley, who were ready for higher education, sailed from Bombay. In May, from Vadala, went Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fairbank for their furlough. Their boat sailed from Bombay on May 5, 1928.

The next few months are not sailing months in the country of the monsoons. But still changes took place. One most happy and beautiful event was the marriage of Miss Lois Andrews to Rev.

Winfield Q. Swart. This took place on May 29, at Mahabaleshwar. It was in the hot season, when all who can gather at a hill station to rest and enjoy the cooler climate. So Mahabaleshwar, our hill station, with friends gathered there, was a joyous spot for this occasion.

On June 1, Mr. Gordon-Chute left Ahmednagar to join the staff of Wilson College, in Bombay, under the United Free Church Mission.

The month of July witnessed a new comer. Mr. Francis Wilder arrived in Bombay on July 20, 1928, to begin his work in Ahmednagar.

Mrs. Katherine Gates and Miss Leona Burr left on furlough on September 26, 1928, from Bombay.

October and November seem to be the months for arrivals on the field. First of all, on October 5, Miss Ella Hoxie landed in Bombay, after furlough. Then on the 15th Miss Welles returned. New to the country were Miss Dorothy Allen and Miss Rachel Barnes, who stepped off the boat at Bombay on October 19, 1928, to start their careers in India. The next day, October 20, at Bombay, arrived Dr. and Mrs. Walter Hume, and Harriet, Andrew, and Katherine. They had been home for their first furlough. October was not all taken up with welcoming people from across the sea, however. On October 16, 1928, in Bombay, Miss Marian Jean Beman was married to Mr. Gordon Chute.

November, and all the missionaries gathered together at Ahmednagar for the annual General Council Meeting, during the first two weeks! And before these meetings were over, another boat came into Bombay harbour, bringing more

who wanted to start spending their lives for India. On November 12, 1928, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hill, with six months old Elizabeth, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Thomas landed.

On December 15, Rev. Wendell C. Wheeler, who had been here previously as a short term worker, returned as a regular worker, with Mrs. Wheeler.

Nineteen Hundred Twenty Eight has passed. What of Nineteen Hundred Twenty Nine? January is silent as to changes, but Rev. J. F. Edwards was preparing for his much needed furlough, for which he sailed on February 9.

On March 11, we welcomed from Ceylon, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Hieb. Wai was glad on March 1, to know that on that day, in Bombay, two nurses for their staff were landing — Miss Katherine Mix, and Miss Florence Ridley.

Dr. Alden Clark left on April 14, for his furlough.

Mahableshwar and May seem to mean a wedding! This time, on May 4, 1929, all Mahableshwar was gay and festive, for were not Miss Ruth Andrews and Dr. Gilbert Eklund to be married? A very beautiful wedding it was, in our little Mahableshwar church. Dr. Eklund is a dentist. When they return from their trip to America, they will reside in Bombay.

Mrs. McBride and her daughters had left India in April, 1928. And now, in June, 1929, Mr. McBride was to start on his furlough and join them after this long separation. So June 29, 1929, was an underlined date on his calendar.

On July 17, 1929, Mrs. Beals, taking her daughter Charlotte, sailed from Bombay. With them, quite unexpectedly, went Miss Emily Bissell. We were all sorry that it was necessary for Miss Bissell to go on furlough so soon. But

in America she could get better treatment for her eyes, which were giving her trouble.

On August 19, some of us waiting on Ballard Pier, Bombay, thrilled to welcome back from furlough Rev. and Mrs. Edward Fairbank, while in Vadala there was great excitement and expectation. "How many days before the *wadil* (senior) Sahib and Madamsahib will come?" This question had been on many lips and one almost got tired of answering it. At last, Wednesday, August 21, arrived, and crowds of people began to pour in to Vadala. They came by foot, in *tangas*, on horseback, and in bullock-carts. There were representatives from the most remote villages of the district. All preparations were made: the band was summoned, the garlands had been brought from Ahmednagar, the church was decorated. The bell rang at nine o'clock and called the Scouts, Bluebirds, Guides, and Cubs. Crowds lined the road down to the white bridge. The car arrived and the beloved couple walked down the arched, flower-strewn path to the church, where there was much rejoicing, garlanding, and greeting. The demonstration was thrilling, genuine to the extent of pathos, and unmistakably sincere. Last year, when the mission was thinking of relocating the Edward Fairbanks in Ahmednagar, a petition, signed by over 3,000 persons, was sent in to the General Council urging that they be returned to Vadala. The real love and trust of the Indian people for their missionaries behoves us all to work hard to be worthy of it.

The last arrivals of the year 1929 are Mr. and Mrs. McCance with Forbes and Mary, and Miss Loleta Wood, returning after extended time in America. With them, landing in Bombay on October 28, came Miss Nicholson whom we welcome to the Sholapur Settlement work.

In Memoriam

IN the year 1929, within a few days of each other, four former missionaries of the American Marathi Mission, whose service for India began in the '70's of the last century, completed their earthly labours. The present members of the mission, and the many Indians, Christians and non-Christians, whose lives were touched by their influence, rejoice in the service for the children of God in India which they unstintedly gave.

Mary Codman Winsor

Born in West Medway, Massachusetts, September 4, 1841.

Arrived in India as a missionary, January 22, 1871.

Served in Satara and Sirur with her husband, Rev. Richard Winsor, who died March 3, 1905, widely known for his keen interest in industrial work for boys.

Mrs. Winsor left India for retirement in 1915.

She died at Pompano, Florida, March 31, 1929.

Mrs. Winsor's work was in the schools for both boys and girls, in Sirur, which were well-managed and spiritually effective. She had a small school for the blind, and was active in work for women. Energetic, hospitable, warm-hearted, she gave largely, and was loved deeply by many.

James Smith

Born July 13, 1851.

Arrived in India, December 13, 1879, with his wife, Maude Nugent.

Laboured in Ahmednagar from 1871 to 1907, and in Bombay until 1911.

Secretary of the Bombay Book and Tract Society from 1912.

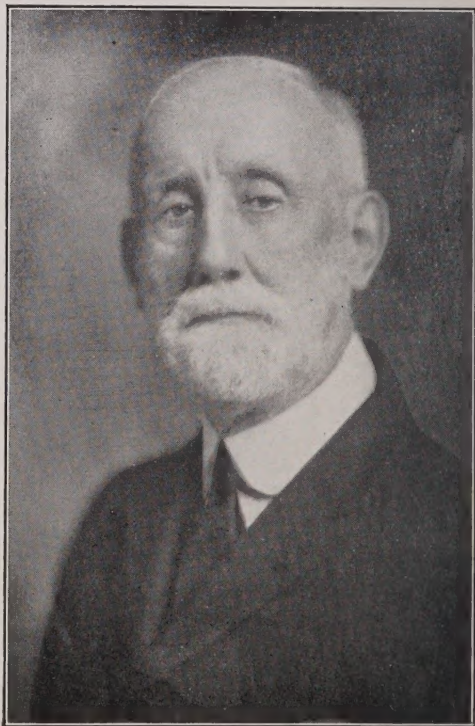
Died at Coonoor, June 23, 1929.

Mr. Smith's boundless energy led him to establish the Mission High School at Ahmednagar in 1882, in the old "Castle." He secured the interest of Sir Dinshaw Manockji Petit, Bart., who gave a large donation for the founding of the Industrial School which bears his name. Carpentry and mechanical trades are taught here. When the Famine brought numbers of orphans to the doors of the mission, Mr. Smith introduced carpet weaving, metal hammering, and similar art work. His aim, however, was not material, but spiritual; "Not things, but men" was the motto written large in his workshop. His educational work was recognized by Government officials, and made a lasting impress on the lives of many young men. In Bombay he

presented the Gospel message to students, in English. As secretary of the Tract Society, he engaged in the publication of literature of great value to the Christian movement. He prepared a Life of Christ in the words of the four Gospels, in English and Marathi, as well as a similar book on Old Testament characters. These have been of great value for students in the study of the Bible.

William Osborne Ballantine

Born at Ahmednagar, February 9, 1849, son of Henry and Elizabeth Ballantine, who came to the Mission in 1835.



DR. WILLIAM O. BALLANTINE

Arrived in India as a missionary, April 18, 1875, with his wife Elizabeth Parsons, who died in 1878.

Married, in 1885, Josephine Perkins, formerly a teacher in South Africa. Left India, and retired from active service in 1922. Died in Pasadena, California, May 3, 1929.

He studied medicine and came to India as a medical missionary before the American Board was prepared to recognize medical work. With inadequate equipment and helpers, he carried on the work of healing in the rural area of Rahuri, at the same time directing the general missionary work of preachers, churches, and schools, in a large district. He engaged in famine relief work under the Government for seven years from 1878, and in 1900 also. He started a large farm, near Rahuri, for the training of orphans. In the World War he acted as recruiting officer for the Government. These many-sided activities show his practical nature. He loved India, and understood intimately every phase of Indian life. He toured far and wide in the Godavari valley, gathering spiritual harvests and sowing the seed of the harvests yet to be reaped.

Robert Allen Hume

Born in Bombay, March 18, 1847, son of Robert W. and Hannah Sackett Hume, who came to the Mission in 1839.

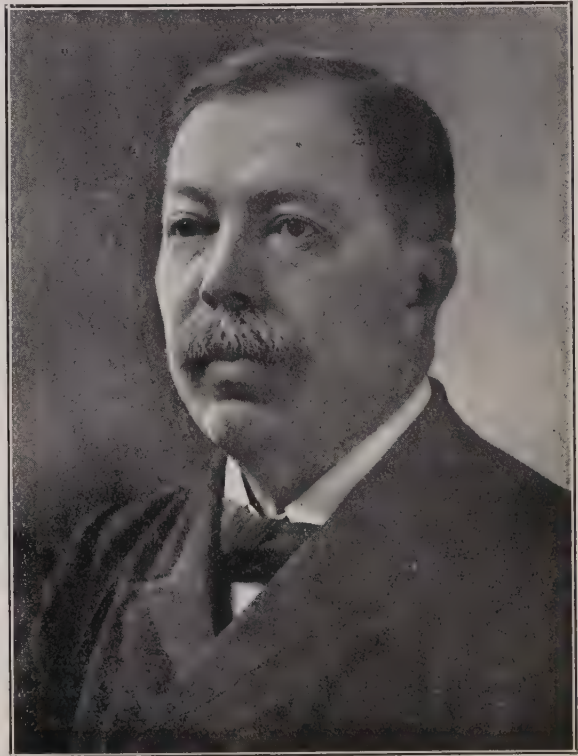
Left India with his parents in 1854, taking the long voyage "around the Cape," during which Mr. Hume passed away and was buried at sea.

Graduated from Yale College, 1868, and Andover Theological Seminary, 1871. Arrived in India as a missionary, October 29, 1874, with his wife Abbie Lyon Burgess, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Ebenezer Burgess of the mission. She died in 1881.

Married, 1886, Katie Fairbank, daughter of Rev. Samuel B. and Mary Ballantine Fairbank.

Retired from active service in 1926. Entered on higher service at Brookline, Boston, June 24, 1929.

Dr Hume's missionary life was spent in Ahmednagar, the jubilee of his service having been observed in October, 1924. His labours were abundant, his vision wide, his heart warm and tender as a child's, his sympathy unbounded, his fellowship with God undimmed and unbroken. His visible monuments are the Parner District, the Ahmednagar New Church building, the Theological College, and other institutions to which he gave of his strength, and for which he secured generous gifts from friends in America and India. His invisible monuments are thousands of human souls touched by his sympathy, warmed by his love and service, and moved by the influence of his spirit.



DR. ROBERT A. HUME

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN INDIA

BY DR. DEMING

TO describe adequately the present situation in Indian politics is a task that is well-nigh beyond the ability of any writer. To prophesy as to what will take place six months hence or a year hence is seemingly impossible, owing to the complicated factors bearing on the case, and our inability to foresee the trend of events. From the political standpoint, there are two outstanding events before the country; one is the report of the Statutory Commission, and the other is the ultimatum of the National Congress to the British Government.

For several months the Parliamentary Commission appointed by the British Government toured around India, gathering evidence, and it is anticipated that their recommendations for India's future constitution will be available at the end of January, 1930. Unfortunately, owing to the fact that in the personnel of this Commission there have been no representative Indians, the Commission has been boycotted, not only by the extreme nationalistic elements, but also by the moderate Liberals who heretofore had co-operated with the Indian Government in working the reforms. Nevertheless, there were a number of Indian groups who did co-operate and committees were appointed from the Legislative Assembly and some of the Provincial Councils to draw up reports. The various legislatures have been continued in office for the present in order that the next election may be fought out on the basis of whether the country approves of the report to be made by the Statutory Commission. It is probable that the members of the Commission do not themselves know what form the final report will take, but it will doubtless recommend provincial autonomy, together with a substantial increase in the responsible character of the central Government.

The National Congress will meet at Lahore this coming December (1929). Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is the President. The more extreme elements in the Congress are agitating to have independence made the active goal of the Congress, although the Congress has already notified the Government that if *dominion status* is not granted by December 31, 1929, the Congress will ask the country to embark on a nation-wide campaign of non-violent non-co-operation. This is a threat that needs to be taken seriously, in view of

the success of the non-co-operation campaign in the Bardoli area against the excessive increase in the land assessment. On the other hand, the large majority of Moslems are suspicious of the Hindu politicians and are insisting that any new constitution for India must protect Muhammadan interests, even to the point of guaranteeing a certain proportion of elected representatives in the legislative bodies. It is not probable that the Moslems will join the Hindu elements in any extreme policy against the Government. Thus communal friction continues to be the rock upon which so many boats with their cargoes of constitution-makers sink.

The great need in India to-day is for the various elements in the country to reach a working agreement. The Hindus, Moslems, and minorities must learn to work together. The British Indian areas must cultivate an increasing understanding with the Indian princes, who are exceedingly jealous of their political rights. The various racial elements in the population must learn to think in terms of the whole instead of the part; Marathas, Rajputs, Panjabis, Tamils, and Bengalis must develop interests in common. When there is toleration and mutual respect between the various religious and racial groups, then, and then only, will India be able to maintain real self-government that is based on the consent of the governed rather than upon force. No matter what recommendations emanate from Simla or London, the degree of their successful application largely hinges on the co-operation between the various elements in the Indian electorate. Certain Indians do not like to be told this, but it is best to state the truth openly, no matter how harsh it may appear.

If nationalism has thus come to be a dominant force in the land and the Indian intelligentsia are insisting upon their legal and moral right to determine their own political destiny, what place will the Christian Church occupy in the new India? First of all, it must be apparent that the Christian Church, as such, cannot be affiliated with any particular political party. As in other countries, so here, individual Christians represent a wide diversity of political outlook. But, secondly, it is equally true that members of Christian communities throughout the land are taking an increased interest in political affairs

and are merging themselves with the aspirations of their countrymen. This is their only salvation, so to speak. In past years, Christians have been criticised as being denationalized and as being unpatriotic. Grounds for such criticism are gradually disappearing and Indian Christians are becoming proud of their cultural and national heritage. All friends of the Christian Church in

India should recognize that such a tendency is one to be encouraged and that the Christian Church has an important rôle to fill. Not the least important phase of the contribution to be made by Christian communities consists in their mediating influence in the settling of misunderstandings that arise between other communities.

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN INDIA

BY DR. DEMING

THERE are three chief factors affecting the religious situation in India to-day ; namely, nationalism, communalism, and secularism. The fever of nationalism has been sweeping across the Orient, and the lessons of history have not been lost on the keen minds which are directing India's political fortunes. They insist that the right of subject nations to determine their own political destiny should be rigorously applied to India. Hence the country is in a political ferment, and religious interests are often pushed into the background. Communalism may be interpreted as a repercussion from this emphasis on politics because it represents a growing communal self-consciousness and an insistence that communal interests be safeguarded. The more cautious and orthodox groups are much more apt to be communally minded, and are less prone to forget the unpleasant incidents

of the past. Hence there seems to be a growing cleavage between the Hindu and Moslem communities, and this naturally leads to a good deal of friction. It is not conducive to fraternal relationships. Thirdly, the onward sweep of materialism finds India a willing victim. Religious interests are not merely being ignored by the radical labour groups, but also by student groups. Many members of the intelligentsia consider religion to be out of date, a superstitious relic of the past. Many of the colleges are centres of agnosticism, and the religious authorities of the various communities, particularly the Hindus, have lost control over the student community.

It can readily be seen that Christian work under such conditions is not easy. The enthusiastic nationalist is in no mood to listen to the message of Jesus. The aggressive advocate of communal rights is not apt to listen sympathetically to the "Gospel of Peace." The thoroughgoing secularist is almost sure to regard Christian work as wasted effort. Nor is this all. The growing self-consciousness of India, as expressed through its various religious groups, has set up a definite challenge to the Christian claim. The recent cases of conversion from one community to another remind us that both Hindus and Muhammadans are adopting missionary



HINDU HOLY MEN

policies and are seeking to prevent further depletions from their ranks. This religious tension has occasionally resulted in riots and bloodshed, as in Bombay and Bangalore. Certain Hindu missionaries have been going about the country urging recent Christian or Moslem converts to return to the Hindu fold and, in some instances, nominal Christians have yielded to pressure and done so. The most serious problem to be faced, perhaps, is the growing insistence that Christian workers should refrain from accepting open confessions of Christ. This view is being skillfully advanced by Hindu publicists like Mr. Natarajan, of the *Indian Social Reformer*, who gladly recognizes the country-wide reverence for Christ, but who urges that Indians can have this reverence but still remain Hindus. It is in such an atmosphere that Christian work in India is being carried on to-day.

If those who read the above paragraphs should feel that the obstacles are too great to be overcome and that the missionary forces should sound a retreat, they are due for a disillusionment, and are out of touch with the spirit of modern missions. Readjustment of methods there must be; new alignments must undoubtedly take place; but the good news of Christ can never be withheld. Christ must be interpreted to India without any denationalizing process being involved. Christ must be interpreted to India without calling in question any Christian's patriotism. Christ must be eventually interpreted to India by Indians themselves, the missionary forces being co-workers, assisting in every way possible.

In the present Christian program there are three important lines of policy which are occupying the best minds in our various church organizations. In harmony with the recommendations of the Jerusalem Conference, missionary gatherings are working hard at the problem of *Religious Education*, realizing that the future welfare of the Christian churches in India depends to a large extent upon the effectiveness of the spiritual training that is given to the young people. Secondly, India is making history in the matter of *Church Union*. The

outstanding example of this are the negotiations between the Anglican Church, the Wesleyans, and the United Church of South India. Other negotiations are proceeding, and it is within the realm of possibility that eventually all the Protestant churches of India will be members of a united church. A substantial start has been made. To-day, for example, there are neither Presbyterians nor Congregationalists as such, but all are members of the same church organization. Thirdly, progress is being steadily made in the matter of *devolution* and *self-support*. Since a large proportion of Indian Christians are very poor, it is not possible to expect that there will be any sudden developments. The process must be slow. But more and more, Christian churches are becoming independent of foreign funds and are also seeking to put their religious work on a simpler financial basis that is more in harmony with the capacity of the membership. Similarly, when opportunity affords, Indians are being placed in positions of leadership.

There never was a time when it was more necessary to stress Christian brotherliness than it is to-day. Race prejudice, economic exploitation, and a secular view of life, are forces which find their outlet in India and which tend to poison India's happy relations with the people in other lands.

Western Imperialism has much to answer for. Further, religious and class conflicts between the various communities are frequent occurrences. It is most essential that, under these conditions, the West gives of its best to the East and shares with India's people the good news of Christ. It is most essential that, along with commercial ventures, there should be messengers of Christian good-will sent to India from the West. Says a prominent Hindu, "Christian Missions from Europe and America represent the best type of contact between the West and the East." India needs Christ, and it is the high privilege of the older churches in the West to share with the younger churches in the East this God-given task of interpreting Christ to India.

EVANGELICAL AND DISTRICT WORK

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. 25 : 34.

COME out into the villages of India. See the people with their problems of living—how shall they eke out their livings, how shall they meet diseases of which all they know are the results, not the causes? How shall they raise themselves from their present level with the system of caste and religion that they have been taught? To the district worker comes a great challenge; before him is a huge task, a task which deals with all sides of the life of the people. What does he do? He ministers unto them, holding ever before them the new sort of life which the Christ who loves them can give. How does he minister? Through friendly visitations, through helping them from distress, through enabling their children to learn, through any channel where there is need.

Working in the villages are many of our Indian Christians. They are the teachers, the preachers, the circle pastors, the Bible-women. Sometimes they live and work in the one village. Others travel, visiting many of the surrounding villages. Some go with the missionary as he makes a tour, keeping up his contacts with the village folk. But workers for the villages are few. Villages that have no Christian influence in them are numerous. How often the plea comes from a "neglected" village, "Send us a teacher," or, "Haven't you someone who can come and tell us the story of Christ, and teach us what it all means?" To have no one to send wrings our hearts, for there is a desire for Christ, an urgent need, which we cannot fulfill. We must have more workers for India's villages, more who will go out wholeheartedly to leaven the mass of India's people.

The Church and the Mission

By Wm. Hazen

The foreign missionary is a temporary factor in the evangelization of India; the Church must more and more be recognized as the permanent factor. The sixty-eight organized churches of this mission have not as yet fully come to their own as active agents for evangelization, but we see signs that such a day is coming.

New organization in recent years has done much to bring our churches to more of self-realization, fellowship, and service. The union of our churches with the Presbyterians in the "United Church of Northern India," with no denominational name, accomplished in 1924, has meant new contacts, new fellowship and co-opera-



A VILLAGE PREACHING SERVICE

tion, and also reorganization of our ecclesiastical bodies. Formerly we had for each Mission District a "Local *Aikya*" (Union) of churches and the "General *Aikya*" for the whole. The new organization of "Church Councils" attaches some of our churches to those of other missions. Vadala and Rahuri Districts join with Jalna in

the Godavari Valley Council; Satara and Wai are linked with the former Presbyterians in Kolhapur; Bombay fellowships with sister churches in Bombay, Poona, and other places

least ten missionary organizations, met at Lucknow on April 10th last, to explore the roads to co-operation and fellowship. No definite scheme could result, but the way is

paved to a more authoritative conference in the future, which will bring together the great Methodist Episcopal Church, the Disciples, the Baptists, the Brethren, with the existing United Church.



SOME VILLAGE HOMES

between; in the Ahmednagar Church Council the churches of Parner, Kolgaon, Jeur, Sirur, Sholapur and the Mogalai, are joined together.

These four Church Councils, with a fifth from Nagpur, send their representatives to the Synod of Maharashtra, which is meeting this year in Rahuri. Delegates are also sent from these to the General Assembly which meets in Lahore at Christmas time.

Much is gained by the co-operation with the churches of other missions, and the end is not yet. The Church Council is the group in closest connection with the local church.

The meeting of the Ahmednagar Church Council in September, at Sholapur, revealed this body doing more effective work than ever before. The annual *Sabha*, or inspirational gathering, which followed it, was a great uplift to Sholapur, and to the village people who came in to attend. Twelve inquirers came all the way from a village sixty miles distant in the Mogalai, and returned to their homes afterward rejoicing, even though they had not been baptized like the Ethiopian.

What of the wider vision? The air of Christian India is full of talk of union and co-operation of separated churches. In South India discussion has advanced farthest to a definite 'Scheme of Union', which is being studied all around the world. In Northern India delegates from eight different Churches, representing at

fortunate to have Mr. Edwards as their leader. The work is progressing under his able and spiritual leadership. No one can accomplish in a city like Bombay so much as he has, unless one is near the source of spiritual power. Is it possible for a small band of six preachers to do satisfactory work in a city like Bombay whose population is more than a million and a quarter? Here are people trying to cut one another's throats in the name of religion. Only the Bombay people, and especially the Christians, realize the task of trying to evangelize those of various castes and creeds. But our Heavenly Father is a wonderful Father. In spite of communal strife, religious antagonism, intrigue, and fanaticism, this year has been very successful. People listen more attentively to the street preaching. We sold this year 12,500 Scriptures. We have had more personal interviews than ever. Several hundreds of up-country Christians are living in Bombay, scattered all over the city. We work among them with personal visits, Sunday and mid-week services, and Sunday schools. In our constituency, to be efficient demands a great deal of follow-up work. We need more preachers. In Kurla, a village five miles out of Bombay, the centre of the follow-up work, we badly need a place in which to worship. We trust that somehow, from somewhere, the funds will come for this.

Bombay Evangelistic Work

By S. R. Dongre

This work is in charge of Rev. J. F. Edwards who is on furlough. In his absence, it has been temporarily given to one of his Indian colleagues, Rev. S. R. Dongre. The Bombay evangelistic work and the workers are really

The Indian Mission Board

By S. C. Hiwale

The Indian Mission Board has completed seven years of its existence. It was organized by the General Council of the mission with a view to training Indian Christian leadership, in order to devolve more responsible work on the Indians. On the Board are five Indians and two missionaries. Of the five Indians one is full time, and the rest part time and honorary workers. It is our misfortune that we cannot afford to prepare and employ full time superintendents for our districts at the time when the mission desires to devolve more of its responsibilities on Indian Christians!

Kolgaon, Sirur, Parner and Jeur are the four districts which form the area under this Board.

The Indian Mission Board has had to face the inroads of non-Christian movements, whose work has been to reclaim the people who are now in the fold of Jesus Christ. Pray, therefore, that the present fruit of the long and patient labour of the American Board may be increased to the glory and praise of the Lord.

The Parner District

By S. T. Nawagiri

The Parner District lies partly in a country of bare hills and narrow valleys, and partly upon a rolling plain of fairly rich farming land. Christians live in fifty-six villages, which means that, even with the help of eight preachers, the two circle pastors have their hands full. Last year there were three circle pastors, but Rev. Bhaurao Hiwale, after forty years of service, has been retired. Now he is serving in a smaller circle, as an honorary worker.

More and more people in the villages are becoming Christian. In one village where some of the new Christians were formerly outcastes, and some were caste people, it was interesting to note no trace of the old caste prejudice among them. The higher caste people gave the others a hearty welcome.

In the villages the principle caste people are the Marathas. They are slowly showing increasing friendliness. The time has come when we are even actually inter-dining in their homes.

In the village of Kinni a Maratha man fell very



BOMBAY EVANGELISTIC WORKERS

ill. Everything the family could think of was done, but the man grew no better. Finally, they remembered what they had heard about Christ from the preacher in the village, who was a friend of theirs. So they sent for the preacher, to see what he could do. The Christian came. The sick man begged him to pray to Jesus for his recovery. He prayed. From the next day the man began to grow better, until at last he was quite recovered. Then he summoned the preacher to him again. Before him and the members of the family he gathered together all the idols in the house, and threw them out, telling the household that no longer were idols to be worshipped there. It was a great change, and it made the heart of the preacher rejoice.

In the villages of Apdhup and Valawane eleven people became Christians last year. These new followers never begin their work without offering a prayer to God, and they never go into a village without offering a prayer on the boundary of that village, that those who live therein may see the true Christ and accept Him, and that their own lives may help to show Him to them.

We are making efforts to develop the spirit of giving to the church. Many women now keep a handful of corn for the church each time they grind in their homes.

The sudden and sad news of the death of Mr. Damodharrao Ramaji Chandekar came like a thunderstorm to our workers. He died in Daithane-Gunjel on August 27, 1929. He was a district worker for about thirty years, a great friend of Christians and non-Christians alike. It was a miracle to see the Marathas taking part in digging his grave. One is quite

sure that the life of our dear friend has made a deep impression on the inner life of the Marathas.

Sirur

By R. H. Gaikwad

The evangelistic tour of the villages this year was done right in the midst of the heat of the summer. Finding nearly fifty per cent. of the people down with fever, we were given a chance to serve their bodies as well as their souls. Through this opening we could approach many, many souls with the Gospel of Love. In these villages we helped the sick, preached, taught, visited with the people, and at night held lantern lectures. In this Sirur District there are three hundred and eighty-six Christians, living in thirty villages, in an area of nearly five hundred square miles. The non-Christians in this area number one hundred and twenty-three thousand. To cover this territory in our work we have only ten workers.

In one church, in the village Wadzire, we have a growing group of people who are trying to follow Christ. We have no building for their meetings, but one of the high-caste converts, Ramji, is willing to give his land as a site for a little chapel.

Village schools are a large part of the district work. One day, from Baburdi to Sirur, a distance of seventeen miles, came the *patil* (headman), and all the leading people of the village, to request us to open a school. We were able with their help to grant their request, and now Baburdi has a flourishing school, which is of real importance to the leaders of the village.

At Sarola we have the biggest village school. And Sarola is where Nawaji lives. He is an elder of the church. When Nawaji became a Christian he told us that formerly he had been possessed by some devil. Later he reported to us that since his conversion to Christianity he had never had an attack from this devil. On this trip we went to visit him. We found him on his death bed. Since last year he had become blind. When he heard us entering his small house, he got up, giving us an affectionate welcome. He requested us to stay with him as long



THE ELDERS OF THE SAROLA CHURCH
Nawaji is second from the left

as we could. He asked us to pray for him. Each of us, in his turn prayed at his bedside. Then he was asked to pray. Instead, he burst into tears. Why, we did not know. Then he showed us some green and red threads which were round his neck and wrists. He told us of how his wife had persuaded him to take the help of some witchcraft to cure him, and how he was thus led away from his Master, the Healer of all sickness. He was penitent. He begged us to forgive him. He made a very short prayer, but it was from the depth of his soul and he felt relieved. He felt he was forgiven by his Lord. His face grew bright as he realized this forgiveness. Nawaji died after a month, but his last days were those of a happy Christian. His village neighbours saw the change and happiness in him, and they are thinking, for they know what made it.

From Sirur the pastor of the church, Rev. P. K. Ravade, writes, "Our church is increasing. *Devachi mutha* (handful of grain for God) is very regularly collected by our blind preacher, and given to the poor who come here from the round about villages. The church has started a new Sunday school in the town, for caste people. We have the All-India Sunday School Examination, which seventy per cent. of our boys and girls passed last year. We have Christian Endeavour Societies, and groups that do evangelistic work. Groups of men and women go out in the evenings to nearby villages to teach the poor village people something of more healthful living, and the story of the Great Healer."

Mr. Gaikwad was ordained in Sirur last February. To this occasion came most of the leading men of the village. Many of these non-Christian brothers were greatly impressed, and since have been more friendly with us. Last year these same friends were troubling us by their *Shudhi* Movement (a movement to take back all Christians and Muhammadans to Hinduism). May they understand more and more the beauties of Christian living through the lives of those who have already given themselves to Christ.

OUR FRONT VERANDA

By Mrs. Hazen

The front verandas of most missionaries serve as clearing houses for the various communities they serve; ours is no exception. To this spot the people bring their numerous tangles and problems. We do our best to unravel the snarls, and to solve the knotty questions.

To us, one morning, came an irate young lover. His sweetheart was to be married in the church that afternoon to a strange young man from a distant village. He and his father came to tell us that he had a package of love letters in his possession, written by the bride-to-be. The discarded lover assured us that he would surely forbid the banns unless the tangle was straightened out. The young woman and her family were speedily called away from their festivities before the wedding. The young man stated his grievance. Not only had she plighted her troth to him, writing him letters, but she had taken presents of money on various occasions. It was all freely admitted by the maiden, who had found it so easy to be off with the old love and on with the new. She said that the old affair had all been against the wish of her family, and now she no longer would keep her promise. Feelings ran strong. The family agreed that the money which had been taken should be returned. A written promise to do this being given, a little black spot on the veranda floor bore witness to the burning of the incriminating documents. The pair had thought to arrange their matrimonial affairs according to their own sweet wills, but were unable to stand up against immemorial custom, as personified in their respective families. The veranda witnessed the burning of the love letters, but could tell nothing of the aching hearts and broken hopes of the young. Let us hope that when their children seek to follow new paths, they may have learned from their own bitter experience to be more lenient in dealing with them.

A dinner, celebrating the baptism of a young son, is given by a pillar of the church. An hour or so after the dinner a scrap takes place. A young High school boy has been beaten by the host and a friend, another church stand-by. The father of the boy is greatly stirred up. He goes around breathing out threats and calling down reprisals on the two men who had attacked his boy. After a few days, when passions have had time to cool a bit, there is a meeting on our front veranda. The warring elements have gathered there. We talk to them of the Gospel of peace, and the necessity for mutual forgiveness. The adults are impressed, and after a good deal of palaver, they agree to bury the hatchet. The boy is urged to apologize for the insulting remark that was said to have brought on the fracas. He sits unmoved with a face as black as a thundercloud. The father commands. The boy does not budge. Like a flash the father leaps across the veranda,

seizes the shoe of the man to whom the apology is due, and with this weapon proceeds to belabour the boy until the others succeed in separating

In her arms was an attractive little midget of a girl. "Oh," she said despairingly, "my husband beats me dreadfully, and he has turned



THE MISSIONARY'S FRONT VERANDA

them. In India, to use a shoe to beat with is a great insult. Needless to say, the veranda hears no apology from the indignant son that night. The father had not seemed to realize that his son had reached an age when such violent methods were no longer effective as discipline. They all went out into the darkness together. We hope that the breach between father and son has long since been healed.

The veranda hears much about friction between husbands and wives. One morning a sullen woman was brought around by the servants. They had succeeded in preventing her from throwing herself into the well, and she appeared anything but pleased to have been thwarted in her plan. She was kept in the compound for some time. It took days of mental treatment to bring her to her senses and to make her ready to go back to her very needy home, and fill her place as wife and mother in a worthy way. But she finally gained her poise. Her face now bears testimony to the fact that she has achieved a sense of values.

To the veranda came a distracted one-eyed woman rejoicing in the name Shantibai (Peace). How little she had earned the right to that name!

me out of the house." Thereupon she fell to sobbing distressedly. "There is your father-in-law out in the garden," said I, "I will call him." "Oh," she answered, "do not call him. He is no friend of mine. Why, he often comes to the house and beats me too." Not heeding her protest, I called him. No sooner had he caught sight of his "*soon*" (daughter-in-law) than he burst out, with angry tones, saying, "What are you doing here?" This started the woman off on a tirade, "Who are you to talk to me? You have many times insulted me. I will not listen to you." And so on, her voice becoming more and more shrill, until she was screaming. Her words set fire to his anger, and soon they sounded like two dogs snarling and yelping at each other. After much effort the storm was calmed a bit. Gradually the cause for all this was made clear. The woman had a son of her own and a stepson. This own son of hers was about thirteen years old, and worked in the mill. His mother had given him an anna to hire a bicycle for an hour, and then had proceeded to tell her husband that she had given him nothing, when the stepson wanted the same favour! It proved a big "tempest in a teapot," and all because of two cents!

But the father-in-law was still angry. "She led her first husband a life, and now it is my son's turn," he said. Checking the angry flow of words that I saw coming to her lips, I turned to the father-in-law, and asked him if he did not wish this poor "*soon*" of his well. Then said he, cooling his anger, "When my son married her she had one boy. We had no hope of her ever having any more children. We thought her body was all the same as dead as far as having any more children was concerned. But to our great joy a son was born. And then another. And then came the little one in her arms. Of course, then our joy knew no bounds. I have but one wish for her, and that is that she should make a good wife and mother. I also wish her oldest son well." By this time the angry woman had lost her fire. "You must forgive your husband, and when he speaks angrily to you, you must learn to speak the 'soft answer,'" I told her. Finally the hopeless look was gone from her face. There was a growing light in her eye. To-day a neighbour told me all was going well in that home. We thanked God and took courage, for perhaps after all our front veranda was really helping to make homes where the spirit of love and peace might dwell.

Rahuri Workers Speak

*First, the missionary in charge
tells us good news:*

"Of the people, by the people, and for the people," that is the new building of gray stone, roofed with Mangalore tiles—the building which symbolizes the hopes and aspirations of the little group of Christians of Rahuri. It is the Rahuri people's church, built not by funds from America, but by money collected in India. The church has purchased the land from the mission too. The dedication will take place on October 31. Even though the church will comfortably hold three hundred people, we do not expect it will accommodate all who will come to this occasion. Even though the walls will not be plastered for some time yet, and even though

the tower and bell cannot be thought of, because of insufficient funds, yet there is a building which is the people's. They are happy to worship in this place which they may call their own, and had rather it would remain unfinished than go into debt to complete it. Twelve thousand rupees, about forty-three hundred dollars, does not seem like a large building sum, yet with years of sacrifice and prayer, the achievement has been a wonderful thing for these people. There are still about four thousand rupees needed to complete the church, but the people sincerely believe that it will be forthcoming. Just now, a *chit* (a note) has come from one of the schoolmasters who was away when the others made their pledges. He says he wishes to give fifteen rupees for the building. The activities which will centre around this church are many. Rahuri is the centre of a large district, and this is truly the mother church. Situated at the very entrance of one of the main roads into the town, this attractive building is a daily reminder to passers-by that there is a *Christi-Deol* (Christian Temple) in Rahuri. May many wayfarers be drawn into this House of Worship to hear about the true God who through His Son brings eternal life to all who will believe and follow Him.

The work in the District is most hopeful. Schoolmasters and preachers report enquirers about the Christian religion. We are going slowly, and not presenting these enquirers for baptism until we are well convinced that there is Reality for them in the New Way.

More and more Government agencies are taking over primary education and this is leading us to think out new ways to use effectively our workers



ONE RAHURI SHRINE

and money. Some day the whole educational scheme will be in the hands of other agencies, and our mission schools will be kept on only in

an out-caste tribe, live). There we found a number of women who said they would gladly come to a class, if we would have one for them,

two or three times a week. We have decided on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, from twelve to two-thirty. There were at least twenty women and as many babies, all of whom had sore eyes. I shall have to carry some protargol. They seem very anxious for us to come.

August 18. To-day we had thirty-eight women at our class in the Mangwada. They have learned all the Commandments, three songs, and several stories from the Old Testament, as well as many of the facts of the life of



ANOTHER RAHURI SHRINE—THE NEW CHURCH

exceptional places. Already we are beginning to lay more stress on religious education as over against secular. In this way we can reach the adults as well as children.

Now and then we hear of cases of persecution. Not long ago a whole community of Christians from one village came to us, begging us to interfere for them as their cemetery was being desecrated. A man who claimed to own the plot had plowed right over the whole field, which they had been using as a burial ground for several generations. It was a long story, and it meant the pulling of many wires in a quiet way for several months, but we finally got their piece back for them.

Then we hear of efforts of Hindu organizations to get some of our people to go back to Hinduism. In one of our villages we have a young Brahmin convert who has been a Christian for about two years. Now he has gone back to his own village. People are not friendly to him there, yet he says that whatever they do he is going to try to win them. His wife and relatives refuse to let him come near his home. So he has rented a little room, and plans to live there. Through all the entreaties to give up Christ and go back into Hinduism, he remains firm.

Second, we find some interesting jottings from the journal of the missionary's wife:

July 15. To-day the pastor's wife and I went to the Mangwada (the quarter where the Mangs,

Christ. We had a special talk this week on the use of opium. There is much more noise at our meeting now, for the mothers are trying to show us that they are taking to heart our teaching about opium, and of course the children are restless without it. To-day all the eyes are well, though I am sure some of them need more radical treatment than I can give. The women are doing very well with the sewing, and some of them are beginning to read. I discovered to-day that one of them went through five standards of school in 'Nagar, but she is now as completely illiterate as any of them! There were four of the younger ones to-day who simply would not stop writing! Then, too, we saw very plainly the results of our talks on cleanliness. Some of the babies shone like glass bottles! Four of the women came late, because they had to stop to bathe their babies before they could bring them. It was good to see every woman with her hair neatly oiled and done up. I would not have believed they would have been so amenable to suggestion. All these weeks we have been going to them, and as yet they have not asked us for a single worldly favour—they haven't asked for money, for children to be taken into the boarding, for work, or for clothes! It is great fun.

August 20. Two heartening things have happened within twenty-four hours. We went over to the station to get a freight box. I forgot to take any money. After I had asked the

station porter to put it in the car, I said, "I'm sorry. I have no money with me. I will send some over the next time the Sahib comes." "*Che, che, Madamsahib,*" he said, "I am a Christian from one of the Sahib's villages. I don't do this for you for money. I do it because I belong to you and you belong to me." You can imagine what a warm, happy feeling I had all the way home!

And, again, a Maratha whose wife has been ill and whom we have comforted as best we could, walked in ten miles to bring a fish to us. When I told him that we would pay him any time he could get more, he said, "I will bring one every time I can, but not for your money. If you had been my mother and father you could not have helped us more. I know that it is the grace of your God that makes you do this, and I must thank you as I can." All this week I have felt that things are worthwhile, for I have seen responses in at least two hearts.

Third, two of the Indian women workers speak:

We have three C.E. Societies. The smaller boys and girls have a society called the "Garland of Flowers." Now they are working hard on two things: first their meetings; and second, an endeavour not to use bad words! They carefully watch each other! The children who are not even ten years old can pray and sing and know Bible verses and stories. They are planning a drama about Joseph and his Brothers, and another about the Five Virgins. They are raising funds for the new church building. Some of the small boys have already earned fifteen rupees.

The girls of the older girls' society are also trying to earn money for the church building. When they go for vacation they do such things as washing, grinding, picking cotton, cutting grass, sewing, and saving money from their sweets. This year they had enough money to send a delegate to the convention at Kolhapur.

We have a large number of ignorant women. Those who can, lead the meetings that we have every week. Some of the women go into the town and preach. This is voluntary work. When people are sick we help them to the hospital. If anyone is in difficulty we try to

aid him. We have earned about thirty rupees by giving a drama about serving Christ.

We have started a class for women in the Mangwada. Sometimes we go around to their houses and see if they are clean and neat. Some of the women have made shelves for their pots and plates; some have made verandas before their houses; some are very careful to comb their hair and keep their clothes washed. They did not know how to sew children's clothes, so we are trying to teach them to make little frocks and bonnets. We are trying hard to help Mrs. Moulton in this great work. May God give us strength!

Satara

By W. S. Deming

The big event of the year in Satara is our church building venture. After nineteen years of waiting, our prayers have at last been answered, and we have sufficient funds for the purpose. A committee is actively at work drawing up plans and we hope to have the building completed and ready for dedication by June, 1930. We are particularly grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Warner, who gave two thousand and thus made it possible to begin building.

Another promising feature of the work in Satara City, is our Young Men's Club with a membership of thirty, which meets several times a week for volley-ball or *bhajans*. In this club there is a group of young school-teachers and clerks in Government employ. They are raising money for a cricket team, and they also go out on occasional evangelistic trips to nearby villages.



OUT ON A DISTRICT TOUR

One of the missionary's chief responsibilities is the carrying on of personal work among the high-caste people of liberal tendencies in the city. There are a number of young men who visit him

frequently, and who like to discuss topics of a religious or social nature. Several of them are unusually drawn to Christ and receive inspiration

the Ramushis (watchmen) toward Christianity. We baptized five Ramushis in March and expect to baptize several more during the next few

months. The significance of this movement may be understood when it is realized that many Ramushis are hereditary thieves and are constantly watched by the police. When they come to know, and to give their hearts to Christ, they become new men and women. A venture worthy of note is our social service campaign in Arle, where we have a group of about twenty Christians. We have started a small co-operative society and are beginning the improvement of their agricultural work, having purchased an iron plough for that purpose. We plan to push this work just



AN INDIAN PLOW

from their Bible study. One, in particular, a young Brahmin of charming personality who publishes considerable poetry, reads the Bible daily and also finds great spiritual help from *The Imitation of Christ*.

Our four preaching centres all report signs of progress. There is a general movement among

as fast as they are able to grasp it and co-operate with us. Unless Christian work in the villages is able to envisage the improvement of the people in every respect—physical, mental, and spiritual—it is idle to expect them to grow in the Christian life.

MY EXPERIENCE IN CHRIST

The wife of a district pastor writes the following :

"On Friday, my husband and I started out on a preaching tour to a village about ten miles away. Saturday we went on to another village. It was that day we found he had a little fever, but we did not stop for it. There was a service planned on Sunday in the next village in the circle, so we proceeded there. He held the service. But in the evening he grew very ill. His fever mounted. And soon it was so high that he was unconscious. Then he became delirious. Night came, and I was all alone with him in this village where there were no other Christians, no friends whom I knew. I was very much afraid. I was anxious for him. But all at once a thought came to me. Someone said, 'You are not alone. I am with you.' And truly courage came to me. I closed my weeping eyes, and prayed hard and earnestly. 'Restore him. May he not have such a fever. In this time of trouble lay Thy holy hand on him. May Thy blessing come upon him. O, answer this my little prayer! Leave me not without hope.' When I had prayed thus, I remembered something. We did have a little bottle of medicine with us. I had forgotten all about it. I got it out, and, as though guided by someone else, I rubbed it on his body. Within an hour he was conscious again, and the fever left. How happy I was. When he was better I told him all that had happened. He, too, was happy. Together from our hearts, we gave thanks unto God."

Sholapur

By William Hazen

For the past two and a half years the Sholapur Church has been without a pastor. It is hoped that a competent man will soon be found to take the position. The church is trying to 'carry on' through the leaders that it does have in its constituency, in its work in the City, and in the District. Last April the church sent out three evangelistic groups into the District—one to the north-east, into the Mogalai, the second south-east, and the third south-west, into Sholapur District. These volunteer workers reach villages which otherwise would not be touched at all by Christians. No small part of their effective work is in the encouraging of the preachers, teachers, and other Christians of the villages, who have so little contact outside of their isolated communities.

The work of Mr. Brayne in Gurgaon, a district in the Punjab, has been an inspiration to the missionaries. In Sholapur the village workers come in once a month for meetings, where they compare notes and bring up their problems for discussion and solution. Definite plans of village uplift, based on Mr. Brayne's work, are brought forth. Especially was this done in a fortnight of training held during February, the harvest time, when all the Dis-



THE INTERIOR OF A VILLAGE SCHOOL

trict workers came in to Sholapur with their wives and children. The first thing aimed at is to clean up the village. Each month the workers make reports of more rubbish, more cactus hedges, more unsanitary habits, destroyed. A second aim is for better and saner child rearing. This work begins right in the families of the workers themselves. They have much to learn and practise before they can teach. Quite generally in the District now the farmers are using the modern steel ploughs, instead of the wooden sticks used from time immemorial. Hand weavers are beginning to use improved looms. A playground is being reserved around village schools. In two villages, after cleaning up around the school houses, the people wanted a fence to keep out the cows, donkeys, and goats that are ever wandering at will. The mission supplied the barbed wire, and the villagers supplied the posts and the labour! It is something almost unprecedented for people to

be willing to do anything themselves for the schools. This act showed a real awakening. More and more villages will awake to this newer vision of cleanliness, health, and prosperity. The change seems to be coming ever so slowly, but consider the immensity of rural India, and rejoice and help us!



A VILLAGE SCHOOLHOUSE

WHO SAID "CASTE"?

Thus writes Mr. Robert Fairbank: "One day in June I found myself facing five leaders of a village where we have an organized church. Their foreheads were marked with red and white clay, denoting that they were caste men of the Marathas. To one side sat a stripling lad of about twelve, clad only in a short shirt and a loin cloth. He bore no caste marks, and his colour and features bespoke him to be a Mahar, or an outcaste, formerly called an 'untouchable.' Was he to be arraigned by these men for stealing or for poisoning their animals? No. He had been beaten by a relative of theirs because his goats had wandered into the relation's field. Indignant at this wanton beating, these five men had summoned the preacher and had bid him come with them. They yoked up their oxen, put the lad in the *tanga*, and were off to see the Sahib about this case. At Kukana they sent the *tanga* back and took the motor, paying the lad's fare themselves. They demanded that I file suit against the man for having beaten the boy. After talking with them some time, trying to dissuade them, they held a conference, and then announced to me that they themselves would file the suit, paying all the expenses! A case like this had never come into my experience before, where caste men upheld the rights of an 'untouchable' to decent treatment. The suit was filed. The two best lawyers were engaged. All the expense is being borne by these five men for an orphan boy, with no property in the world, except the torn shirt on his back and a dirty piece of cloth around his loins. The method of going to court to right a wrong may not be in accord with our ideas of righting wrongs, but look at the spirit which prompted this act!"

Foundation Work in Vadala

By R. Fairbank

Due to increased pressure of work on account of our being alone, with Father and Mother on

furlough, many things have not been accomplished. The annual tour, having evangelistic services in every village where we have Christians, had to be abandoned. With Revs. Moulton and Ravade, a swift tour was made by motor in the

Vadala and Rahuri Districts. Church centres were visited, and the people of surrounding villages called to us. In certain places the response was gratifying, in others we were much disappointed. All of which goes to show that the foundation work must be more and more stressed.

One acute problem with which we are faced is that of replacing the old pastors with new men of the right type—men who will work with and for the people whom they serve, who will not limit their time and touring to exact dates, who will not count the cost of service, but give all for Christ. Three of our pastors are practically through. One died last year from snake-



VADALA VILLAGE WELL

bite. Another, now in charge of a circle, is scarcely able to go on. It is a real problem.

Last year a teacher, Shankarrao Gorde, a man with a real love for children, and interested in their spiritual growth, was transferred to religious education work in the villages. He made his headquarters in one of the larger towns and went daily to at least two villages of his circuit to conduct religious education classes in the schools. Recently we transferred him to a very small village where we had planned to have a school had the children not been too few to warrant such an expense. He has been there only a few weeks. But last Sunday Mrs. Fairbank and I were called there for a preaching and baptismal service. Two adults and about eight children were baptized! We feel the need of more men who can work like this among the children, so that from the every beginning we can build a foundation for the Visible and Invisible Church of Christ.

This year we took a drastic step in the matter of schools in the district. We cut the number down from thirty-four to twenty-four. We kept only those schools which were doing well. In three places now we have two teachers at work in each school, since the number of children demands it. One school has become almost a mushroom! It grew so rapidly. This school is supported in part by a friend in America, to whom, at times, it has been a source of disappointment. For it used to be that we could not keep it running for more than six or nine months of the year. The attendance used to fall off until only the teacher's own children would be left for pupils! In April, because of insistent demands of the headman of the village and the local Government officer, both of them non-Christians of the Maratha caste, we put in a teacher who had spent one year in a refresher course at the Union Training College. By the end of May I received a hurry call for reinforcement. There were fifty-one children in the school. The schoolroom was packed like a sardine can. At the beginning of July, I sent another teacher there. Now the attendance has reached sixty-three. All the children from two villages, Christians and non-Christians, are in regular attendance. The village elders themselves come at appointed intervals, of their own accord, to see that the teacher is not getting lax, that the children are really there, and that they are progressing in their work. Nightly the two teachers take turns holding prayer meetings, to which many of the non-Christians come nearly as regularly as the Christians. Now the villagers

want us to secure a plot next to their tumbled-down temple, so that there can be plenty of room for their children. What an entering wedge this school, with its fine Christian teachers, may be for the increase of Christ's Kingdom on earth! It is an inspiration for further intensive work in the villages.

We ask for continued interest among our friends, and their prayers for this very important part of mission work, which is often overlooked because of the appeal of large institutions, but which, if overlooked, would bring the work of the Church to a complete standstill, and would cause appeals of institutions to come to an end, because this work is at the root of all our other activities.

The Wai Evangelistic Band

By Miss Jones

Three graduates of the Divinity College in Ahmednagar, a blind musician trained at our School for the Blind in Bombay, three Bible-women who graduated from our Bible Training School in Ahmednagar, make up the Band.

Besides the village work, this group has a special opportunity in that we have the Mission Hospital here in Wai. Hospital and dispensary patients come from far and near. They stay a week, a month, or longer. Love and sympathy are what their sick and lonely hearts crave. To the doctors and nurses for their care and the relief from pain, they are most grateful. And they are glad to hear of Him who longs to bring peace and joy to their souls. They learn our hymns. They like our Bible stories. And they often go away with a new vision of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man. Patients who have gone back to their villages always welcome our workers when they come on tours and visits. For many years the people of this district held aloof from our Christians. But that stage has passed. Now they are congenial and friendly.

One day, recently, as our Bible-women were walking along a road, they met twenty-five carts full of people going to Pandharpur, a place of pilgrimage for the Hindus, for a religious gathering. They had stopped by a stream to eat and to rest the bullocks. Recognizing the Bible-women, they called them over to talk with them while they finished their meal. After the women had told them some stories and talked of Christ's Way, the people said, "What you say about God and living is true. There is really nothing to be gained by going to Pandharpur." One man added, "But it is a

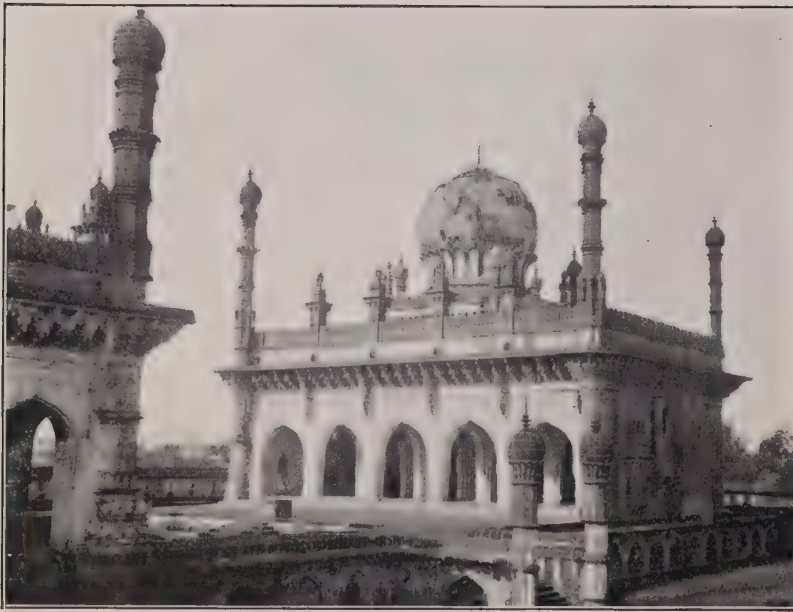
chance to see the country." Apart from the idolatrous practices, these pilgrimages are only outings that brighten the monotony of their uneventful lives. There are more and more who, though not ready to make the great break from their religion and people, are trying to live as Christ teaches them.

The work of the Sibley Memorial Church in Wai is growing. This year a new pastor, Rev. P. N. Gaikwad, was installed.

THE BEGAMSAHIB'S STORY

By Miss Allen

"No," she said, "you do not realize what a struggle we go through to set ourselves free and come to your religion." She had been ever so wealthy, with servants, diamonds, all sorts of jewels and fine silks; but when she had made that choice which had given her peace and joy, then



THE TOMB OF SULTAN IBRAHIM, BIJAPUR

she was satisfied to give them all up, and follow only Christ.

She had been about eleven or twelve when she had a chance to hear a little bit of the Bible. But she was a Muhammadan, strictly kept in *pardah*, yet very much loved by her kind father. By the time she was nine or ten she knew the Koran by heart, and was devout in her prayers.

But through some missionaries she had heard about Christ. It was then she felt that she had "no peace or joy" in her life. She had been at school, but when it was discovered that she was thinking about the Bible her father took her home. Soon she was married. But only for a few days did she live with her husband then, because he went away to England to school. She was most unhappy, most upset, most eager to know the "Way." For hours, both day and night, she often prayed to be shown the "Way." All the time her father loved her; he pampered her with beautiful gifts; he kept her occupied with worldly things. But still she was tormented with some seething feeling far within her which made her think more and more of finding the true God. Her husband came back from England; he knew a great deal about Christianity, and he told her what he had learned. But still she did not seem to feel the way to get that peace and joy which she so eagerly craved. Then

her husband took her away to their own home, where everything that money could buy was hers. More and more servants, beautiful clothes, and all that one could possibly hope to have. Yet all the time she was struggling to find God. Hours and hours she spent in uttering that prayer she felt so deep in her, "Oh, God, show me Thy Way." But to what God she prayed she was not sure, and that troubled her.

Illness came to her, and she at once told her husband and her father, as Muhammadan wives always do. She was taken to a Christian hospital.

There was no attendant for her, but finally one of the missionaries offered to assist. The doctor said that an operation was urgent. Then the Begamsahib was left in a nice room to get well. While at home she had wanted to get a Bible to read, to compare with the Koran. But in her strata of society it had been impossible. Here, she thought, in the Christian hospital, she would

be able to read and study the two books. So she asked the doctor to loan her a copy of the Bible. For hours she read and studied and compared the two books.

All during her struggles to find the "Way" she had sought to be a true servant of God, whichever God was the true one, but she had never dared to ask to be a "child" of God. One day she began to read John's Gospel. She came to the verse, "But as many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1: 12). Then there arose such a passion and feeling within her heart! She, too, could become a child of God! She began to feel there was Light coming to her. Yet she was not ready to give up Islamism. She began to realize that the Koran was not right; she questioned it, and struggled more and more to decide what she would do.

When she became well enough to leave the hospital she sent word to her husband and father saying that she was ready to come. But not without misgivings—for she knew she would not be able to read the Bible there at home, as she had done in the hospital. When they came to take her home they brought great presents, and flowers, and white rupees to give to the doctor for having helped her. Before she left her room she called the doctor to her. She thanked her for all she had done, for lending her the Bible especially, and she gave back the Book. But the doctor, returning it, asked her to take it with her. So, happily, she hid the Book in her box and went home. It was many days after that before she had a chance to take it out and read it again. One day her husband discovered her reading it, but to her surprise, he, seeing her eagerness to read, did not deprive her. The relationship between her and her husband was of the true loving sort. He was devoted to her.

Improper healing of her wound from the operation sent her back to the hospital. Then the struggle within her became so strong that again she sent her servant for the Koran, and, taking out her Bible, she read and compared again John's Gospel with the Koran. All at once she began to feel a great strength. With determination she got up, shut the door, closed the window, and fell on her knees, praying, "O God, show me Thy Way." Then it was she knew that she was going to tell the doctor, tell

her husband, tell her father, what she had decided. Clashes arose when her family was told, especially through her youngest brother and her cousin. Her father was overcome by the news that she had decided to be baptized. Her husband made no effort to stop her. She even sent and asked for him to come and be baptized with her, but this he would not do. Her cousin went to court, bringing suit against the missionaries, saying that they had forced her to become a Christian. She was called before a group of men to answer questions regarding the way in which she had made her decision. This frightened her, for, having always strictly kept *pardah*, she had never before been looked upon by a group of men. But she raised her eyes to heaven, and received the strength to answer simply that she had struggled alone, until at last the Light had come to her.

Muhammadans of the neighbourhood were uniting to attack the missionaries. They were called before a judge, but settlement of the matter seemed futile. The missionaries were advised to leave the town for a while. The Begamsahib decided to go with them. So, dressed as a European, she went to another city. How unique it felt to her to wear that sort of clothes! And when they put a hat on her head she exclaimed, "Oh, don't put that basket on my head!" She went away that day, leaving all behind—her clothes of finest silk, her jewels of most costly price, all the people who had been her devoted slaves, the great luxurious home which her husband had provided for her. Without any goodbye from her loved ones she went away, and has never seen them since. She cannot go back without her father's permission, and wistfully she says, "It would be nice to see him this time when I go to Kashmir for my holiday." And she will write and ask him if she cannot come to see him, to tell him of the things she is doing, to tell him of the great Light which is hers and which has been helping her to grow.

The Begamsahib is at present in Bombay. She has easy access to some of the wealthiest Muhammadan homes. She goes about among them with her Bible-woman, telling them of the wonderful Light. She is a beautiful woman. In her face you can read the strength it took to leave everything and follow the Christ. From her face you know that she has found the "Way."

HEALING

"... Aeneas, Jesus Christ healeth thee."—Acts 9: 34.

IN this land physical pain and suffering are awesome in their intensity and extent. Here even the plain and simple natural laws through which the universe works are unknown and unheeded. How dire is the need of a fresh, clean, sane, understanding outlook on the physical aspects of life, to accompany the likewise tragically needed spiritual renovation! To all, the physical is very near and real. Hence the approach that our medical missionaries have to the hearts of the people whom they touch is invaluable. "Jesus Christ healeth thee." Can we but show to them that we are servants of Christ, that we rely on Him for the power that makes us able to help them, they too will begin the search for that power, and those who really seek shall find Him. Thus Christ has promised, and we see His promise being fulfilled round about us.

Medical Work in Ahmednagar

In Ahmednagar we have a hospital for women and children. As in all medical work in this country, days for the 'Nagar hospital staff are never drab, or even ordinary. There are always emergencies. There are always lives to be saved—bodies and souls to be healed. A year and a half ago, Dr. Maria Korchagina, a Russian doctor, joined the staff there. She writes us:

"Every day now they come, at about five in the evening, shouting, rattling their slates and pencils in their bags, like a small warlike tribe making an invasion. They are the boys from a primary mission school. They come for their annual physical examination. One of them, 'the chief,' runs ahead, waving in his hand a bundle of papers, the examination forms. Finally, they are seated in a hall, in a circle on the floor, near the table. Then we ask them to take their shirts off. Each boy gets a form with his name on it, and we have to watch lest the papers get exchanged! They are strictly instructed to keep quiet, and to come one by one to the table. In a few minutes everything is settled. Our warlike tribe sits naked,

feet crossed, fingers over their lips to remind them to keep quiet. The papers are lying on the floor one in front of each boy. All eyes are fixed upon the doctor and nurse at the table.

"The examination begins in solemn silence. We examine the skin. They show their tongues, teeth, and tonsils. We examine the eyes and ears. We investigate the glands. We listen to the heart and lungs. But soon the audience appears revived. Fingers have gone from the lips. Quite all the mouths are open, quite all the tongues are put out, being examined by neighbours. But things are not too noisy. The stethoscope appears, and is put on the boy's chest for lung examination. He is asked to breathe deeply. He stands up for a little drill. He stands on his tip-toes, raises his arms, breathes deeply, and

exhales through his nose. He exhales with all the strength and noise he can. The audience begins immediately to prepare itself for the same performance. All twenty chests and noses begin to work hard. For a few moments one could imagine that all the boys were suffering from an acute attack of asthma. The examination has to



AN INDIAN AMBULANCE

cease until order is restored among the too zealous audience. Then we proceed with a demonstration how to breathe deeply and noiselessly. Finally the first boy's examination is over, and the second takes his place. When all are finished, on go the shirts; slates, books and pencils are gathered up, and the boys dismissed with strict instructions not to climb the young trees, nor pick the flowers in the compound. The punishment for disobedience is announced to be a large dose of castor oil!"

Soon after the schools open in June, all the mission school children are examined. Those who are under-nourished are especially watched, and given different food, or milk, or cod liver oil. Different kinds of sore eyes are treated. About one-third of all the children suffer from some kind of sore eyes, and skin disease. Much of the dispensary work is with these children who come for treatment.

Then there is work in the villages which the hospital does. One day the doctor, with a Bible-woman, went to a village, to conduct the little dispensary. They went to the *chowdi* (the town hall and club combined), where only caste people are allowed to enter. The word that the doctor was there soon spread through the village. The headman of the village and his friends were gathered at the *chowdi*, but they gave the doctor a kind welcome. She sat down on the mud floor, smeared with cow droppings. (Really this is much cleaner than you think.) She spread out the medicines and began. Some outcastes came for medicine. The doctor had to go over to the edge of the building to see and speak with them. Castor oil, quinine, protargol, ointments and medicines from various other jars and bottles were administered. In about three hours one hundred and thirty-eight patients had visited the doctor. Many of them had sore eyes, one of the commonest troubles in India. The Bible-woman helped in treating these, dropping in the protargol with a medicine dropper. There were skin troubles, and many cases of malaria. Two women waited until the end, when most of the people had gone away. Since the *chowdi* is only an open space with walls on three sides, privacy had to be secured by having several women hold up a long piece of cloth around the doctor and patient. Thus she examined these last two women. One must come in to the city to the hospital for an operation. To persuade these village women to do this is not an easy task. So often it takes the severity of the last stages of their trouble to drive them to the hospital. And

then the doctor's work is harder, and if it is too late the doctor may be blamed.

The hospital itself houses not only sick patients, but is a friend to those who have no other friends or home. There came to the hospital one evening a man carrying a tiny baby wrapped in dirty rags. He was followed by a woman, young and pretty, but her large black eyes were full of woe. The man told the story. He had been waiting near the motor stand in the bazaar. He saw this woman put her baby down by the roadside, as inconspicuously as possible, and get into the motor which was about to leave. Telling the motor driver, they made the woman get out. But where could she go? The men knew she would do the same thing the next chance she had. Someone had heard of the hospital. So he was bringing her there. It was apparent to the doctors that the baby was not wanted, and that the mother, left alone, would abandon it. So the babe was taken in, and the woman taken to the police, for investigation as to where she had come from, and who she was. Late that same night came the woman, back from the police who had been unable to identify her. She spoke no word, just begged with those large eyes of hers to be taken in. Of course the doctors took her. That was three months ago. Now the babe, little Faizbi, is a hospital pet. The mother shows her gratefulness for the friendliness shown her in being ready to do any of the work about the hospital that she can. She helps with sewing, and cleaning, and really earns her maintenance.

Vadala to get a New Hospital

By Mrs. R. Fairbank

Vadala is all atremble with delight. A cheque has just come, signed by Mr. A. C. James. This money is to swell our little one-room dispensary to a small memorial hospital, in recognition of the splendid work Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fairbank are doing in this station. Medical work is very much needed in this vast district, where we have one hundred and forty-seven villages with Christians, and others where there are, as yet, no Christians. Were you our doctor, every day you would hear stories showing the pitiful ignorance of the people in caring for their bodies, stories such as these:

A little child had measles and developed Cancrum Oris. The parents consulted a country *vaidya*. He gave some caustic juice through the nose since the child did not want to open his painfully sore mouth. After eight days' application of this strong juice the child's nose and

mouth became dark, they grew black, and the odour was foul. In this condition they finally brought the child to the dispensary. But at that hour what could be done? The child died in a few days, its parents not knowing the wrong they had done in their ignorance.

A girl of two had a very swollen stomach. Village advice had been to bind it very tightly with a poultice of certain leaves. Things grew worse, so they resorted to our dispensary. But by then the umbilicus had ruptured, and even the bowels were pierced. The poor parents were bewildered when told that their child could not live.

The *vaidya*, or untrained country doctor, is a menace to thousands of lives in our big districts every year. The only avenue of service available to our trained doctor in so many cases which are brought too late, is to strive with the parents to abandon their faith in country *vaidyas* and bring their patients directly to the dispensary.

Here are some medical hints which our district people give our Dr. Chukranaryan when he goes to visit the sick:

"When a person becomes sick, place him in a closed dark room. It is imperative that no air should reach him." "I have gone to doctor many a patient," says the doctor, "in a room so dark that I could scarcely see what was in front of me, and so close of air, and so filled with relatives, that the poor patient was panting for breath. When I have moved him out it has been with the greatest of effort, and I know that just as soon as I have left back he will go into the same dungeon."

"Never give milk to a patient with fever."

"A sick person must never have a bath or a sponge."

"In certain sicknesses all food must be stopped for seven days (after which time *if* a patient is strong enough he can eat)."

"For itch and skin diseases one must apply the ashes of burned cow-dung."

It seems that the people try all the things they have ever heard of, and as a last resort bring the patient in to the dispensary. So our task is not alone with diseases, but with ignorance.

But it is not always that people come to us too late. Many fine cures have been effected. A snake-bitten woman was practically given up for



THE PRESENT ONE-ROOM DISPENSARY AT VADALA

dead. Her relatives were taking her to a certain goddess to have *mantras* repeated over her. We heard of her through a man who was passing through the village in a lorry. Taking our motor we reached the woman in fifteen minutes. She was treated and brought to the dispensary. In a few days she was ready to go home. Her relatives brought gifts to the Christians' God, who had, as they said, "brought the dead to life."

There have been in the last six months ninety-seven in-patients, and one thousand eight hundred and three out-patients served by our little dispensary. Our doctor not only treats people, but works on a real health program—chart lectures, lantern slide lectures, plays, and such.

Our new hospital will mean the saving of life, the lessening of pain, misery, and sorrow. It will enable the furthering of the ministry of Jesus to men's bodies and minds. Our doctor continually reminds us of the need of an American doctor. The Vadala Hospital has received a house to live in, but sustenance must yet come from liberal hands and loving hearts.

Wai Medical Work

By W. F. Hume

Serves an area of Western India with a population of one million, two hundred thousand, or about the size of Boston City.



THE 1908 BUILDING

OPENED IN 1908

A building was rented in the city that served as hospital and dispensary. This had twelve beds, small rooms with dirt floors, one operating room, two doctors, but no nurse.

IN 1913 THE FIRST BUILDING

In this first building was one operating room, a sterilizing room, drug room, laboratory, thirty-five beds. There were three doctors and one nurse. Later a maternity ward, the gift of Mrs. Abbott, with delivery room and five rooms, was added.



THE 1913 BUILDING



THE 1922 BUILDING

THE CHILDREN'S WARD IN 1922

This is the children's ward, the gift of Dr. and Mrs. Abbott. It provides room for ten children in a ward and has two private rooms, a bath room, store room and a fine flat roof for the sun treatment of surgical tuberculosis. A tank on the roof supplies water for the whole hospital.

The Brewer Building for Women was added in 1925. It has two operating rooms, a sterilizing room, nurses' supply rooms, a ward for eight patients, seven private rooms, and a room for X-ray.

In 1925, there were eighty beds, counting the open air tuberculosis wards. There were four stone buildings, five doctors, an American nurse, and twelve Indian nurses. There was running water in the bath and operating rooms. A nurses' home was added for the women nurses in this year.

To-day, in 1929, we have, in addition to the above, a power house for electricity for the lighting of the hospital, and for supplying the current to the X-ray plant, which is the gift of Dr. Abbott. The staff is six doctors, one compounder, two American and fourteen Indian nurses, two ward boys, one hospital tailor, and three cleaning women!

Patients come from all of this immediate area and from Bombay, Poona, Ahmednagar, and from far-off Karachi. The work grows. "The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, and the poor have the good tidings preached unto them."

In all our work we try to keep before us the example of the Great Physician who went about doing good and healing all kinds of diseases. More and better service, and the spirit of humility are our aims, that through the hospital service men, women, and children may be drawn to accept the Great Physician as their Master and Guide.

Opium Babies

Tiny, scrawny, little bits of humanity, underfed, under-developed! Charge a mother right out and out with the practice of giving opium to her child, and she will deny you. Say, "Don't you give it just a little bit at night?" and she will probably admit that she does give it just a little bit under her finger nail to suck at night, to keep it quiet. Many babies around the hospital, children or brothers or sisters of patients, are "doped" from morning to night, and from night till morning again, so they do not trouble anyone! Right in the town of Wai there is a shop where one can obtain the drug!

SOCIAL SERVICE—WELFARE WORK

"I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly."—John 10: 10.

IT is hard to say whether, in all our lines of work, one sort touches more aspects of the lives of the people than another. Yet if any type of work is more "all around," it is this welfare work. Through this the people are helped in their means of livelihood. They are shown what recreation of body and mind and spirit can mean to them. Many, to whom the direct appeal of Religion is not strong, are served and are helped to a more abundant life; then, finding that at the root of all that has been done for them is the Christ's spirit, they are drawn in gratitude and praise to Him. And many more, in whose hearts thanks to God and Christ does not consciously rise, are yet better and happier human souls—they may have learned what it is to play, to use their minds, to appreciate cleanliness and ward off disease, to be sportsmanlike, to work honestly, to love their families and want the best for their children. Such results are well worth our efforts, for folk are lighter-hearted and, whether they know it or not, are on the way to higher things. In this, as in all our work with these Indian people, "The Abundant Life" is our aim.

The Welfare Centre, Satara

By W. S. Deming

Thanks to Miss Picken's energy, a donor has been found for the Satara Welfare Centre, Mrs. W. H. Barclay of Wichita, Kansas, and we have therefore been able to launch the work on an ambitious basis. Our Welfare Centre now has a fully qualified doctor in Miss Yamunabai Gaikwad,—an expert social service worker in Miss Manoramabai Powar,—a dispensary nurse,—and two Bible-women. Christian work in Satara moves slowly because it is an orthodox Brahmin centre. Notwithstanding this, we have many reasons for encouragement.



A MONEY CHANGER

About fifty new patients are coming for treatment each month. We give free milk to poor babies who are under-nourished and advise the mothers about the proper care of their children. When the babies are brought to our Welfare Centre they are bathed and given the medical treatment necessary. Dr. Yamunabai does a good deal of field service, visiting in the Satara homes and making periodic trips into the District.

Dr. Yamunabai is also maintaining a close contact with some of the professional *dais* (midwives) in the city and consulting with them concerning their professional cases, helping them

to gradually improve their methods. We are planning to hold a child welfare exhibit in October, for the benefit of the women in the surrounding villages, as well as in Satara. Our Welfare Centre is the only institution of its kind in this area, and therefore we have an unlimited opportunity for service.

The social and evangelistic program is no less important than the medical, and for that reason our three workers in this department are kept equally busy, either interviewing women at the Welfare Centre or visiting the families in their homes. Classes in sewing and in English are carried on whenever a group can be secured for that purpose. Recently, a young widow of the Jain caste was driven from her home because she was unwilling to marry a man of evil practices. Our Bible-women have befriended her and have helped her to secure a place where she can earn her own living. A Brahmin woman who is persecuted at home has a keen desire to learn English, and therefore she has been coming to our Centre secretly and taking a course of study. Another woman of the *Shimpi* (tailor) caste has a very cruel husband and she has come to our Bible-women on many occasions seeking spiritual comfort. As a result of these meetings she has found comfort and peace of mind through prayer. These are but typical instances which reveal the type of pastoral work which our women workers are doing.

The Nagpada Neighbourhood House, Bombay, 1929

SOCIAL WORKERS' TRAINING CLASS

Six weeks term; fourteen students; three hours daily of classroom work. Lectures. Reports.



A VOLLEY-BALL MATCH AT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD HOUSE



THE VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR TO THE
NEIGHBOURHOOD HOUSE

Visits to social institutions. An enlarged outlook.

ADULT EDUCATION

Able speakers; eager students. Changed social attitudes.

PUBLIC HEALTH EXHIBIT AND BABY SHOW

Arresting posters. Challenging models.
Patient instruction. Interested mothers.
Better babies.

GOLE CUP AND NEEPER CUP VOLLEY-BALL TOURNAMENTS

Hard practice. Perfect teamwork. Two cups.

BOMBAY RIOTS

Hell turned loose. Program temporarily disrupted. New appreciation of Neighbourhood House usefulness.

VISIT OF H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY

Open house. Enthusiastic crowds.
High commendation.

BOXING TOURNAMENT

Months of training. Ten three-round bouts.
Praiseworthy sportsmanship.

INFANT WELFARE CENTRE

Steady progress. Scores of babies receiving daily attention. Better times for mothers.

SOCIAL TRAINING CENTRE FOR WOMEN
Class facilities provided in the Neighbourhood House. Practical work among women and children. A real forward step.

DAILY CHOICE

Infant Welfare Centre and Public Health. Home Visitation. Maternity Clinics. Dispensary. Supervised Play. Urdu and English Night Schools. Business Classes. Library. Public Lectures. Music and Drawing Classes. Debating and Dramatic Clubs. Cinema Shows. Concerts. Dramatic Performances. Employment Bureau. Handwork. Women's and Girls' Clubs.

700 PATRONS DAILY

A Day at the Nagpada Neighbourhood House

By C. G. Manshardt

Five a.m., and the milkman is already tying his cows near the Neighbourhood House gate. Few people are awake but the *ayah* of the Infant Welfare Centre is on the job to receive the milk and to boil it over her open fire. By six o'clock the mothers begin to come. The mill day starts early, and hence, if the babies are to be fed before the mothers go to work, they must be brought early. By seven o'clock the early rush is over, and from eight to eleven there is a leisurely procession of babies brought by mothers, sisters, little brothers, or fathers. The gossip of the day is retailed as the mothers sit on the verandah feeding the babies, spoonful by spoonful, from a small dish. For all of the babies desiring it, there is a clean towel and a good bath. By eight-fifteen the doctor arrives, and the babies needing medical attention are carefully examined and given the appropriate treatment. To the doctor come also a rare variety of patients—men, women and children—Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Jews, Indians, Arabians, Persians. Some are treated on the spot, and others are despatched to the nearby hospital.

In the meantime the morning business class has gotten under way, and from nine to eleven a group of students are earnestly pushing the typewriters and wrestling with the intricacies of shorthand. At the same time, the Employment

Bureau is functioning: a regular appointment, endeavouring to help deserving men to secure suitable work.

Ten o'clock, and an alert group of high grade young women assembles for the daily classes of the Social Training Centre for Women. A unique, and a very bold venture at this stage of Indian thought, the Social Training Centre is performing an exceedingly valuable service, not only to its students, but also to the ever-increasing number of women who are coming under its influence and profiting by the able practical work which is under the Centre's direction.

Two hours of quiet at noon, and then a sewing class where mothers are given instruction in preparing the baby's outfit and in simple garment making. Three o'clock, and the clinic for mothers and babies. Whereas at the morning Welfare Centre period only the obviously sick babies were treated, now every baby on the roll is brought to the doctor, and is either checked as well or in need of further treatment. The expectant mothers are examined and given whatever advice may be necessary.

Four o'clock, and bedlam is let loose. The boys are with us. And for two hours the building resounds with the excited shouts of boys at play. Ping-pong, badminton, carroms, draughts, quoits and board games—all claim their followers, and whatever may be lacking in skill is more than compensated for in enthusiasm. Out-of-doors the smaller children are busy on the swings, see-saws and slide, while either volley ball or basket ball is in progress on the older boys' playground. Joy and fun rule unrestrained.

On the top floor of the building two girls' clubs are in session. To-day they may be sewing, tomorrow making scrapbooks, or listening to a talk upon some interesting subject.

Six o'clock, and for a short period the Neighbourhood House is closed in order to do some

necessary cleaning before the arrival of the men. We believe that cleanliness is one of the most important lessons we have to teach to our neighbours, and hence desire that each group shall enter a clean, neatly arranged building.



AFTER THE BATH, AT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD HOUSE

At six-thirty the working boys and men begin their innings. First of all a music class, where the boys find momentary release and forget themselves and their surroundings, as they endeavour to express in music the feelings which are surging within them.

At the same time, in the lower hall, there is a cinema show, most likely a Pathé Gazette followed by a Harold Lloyd comedy or something else with plenty of movement. Our audience is not overly critical, but it does crave action, and voices its approval in no uncertain tones.

The games room and library attract those who do not care for the cinema, and by seven-thirty the evening's program is in full swing—A physical culture and boxing class. An evening session of the business school. Two large English classes, and—can it be quite possible?—ten o'clock, the day is over. Over? Not quite. At midnight there comes a hurry-up call for the nurse. The maternity case which she has been watching during the day now demands her full attention. Two hours of hard work and another neighbour has joined our ranks. Back to the Neighbourhood House. Quiet at last.

Such is one day. Other days bring other activities and new interests. But no day is ever dull.

Bowker Hall, Bombay

By Miss Avery

Bowker Hall is the centre for our mission's work among the women and girls of our church and community here in Byculla, Bombay. Our present "family" consists of ten members of our teachers' hostel, ten in our working women's hostel, a social worker and her family, and one of our Bible-women; and in the school girls' hostel a capable matron mothers her "family" of about thirty girls of all ages. The pet of the household is a little motherless Muhammadan baby whom we have taken into our nursery. During the hot weather vacation, when most of the teachers were away, ten medical students lived with us for a number of weeks while taking their examinations. Brahmin, Parsee, and Christian girls lived happily together.

Like other settlement houses, Bowker Hall stands ready to serve those about it. Each day a Parsee woman doctor comes to the dispensary, where she and our two mission nurses give help to the sick. One of the nurses has been calling with the social worker among some of our poorest, dirtiest neighbours. These people

are of the coolie class who work on the roads. Their homes are temporary tin huts, and the people are poor, ignorant and miserable. At first they received our workers with suspicion, but now they are quite friendly and almost ready to take advice! A few have been persuaded to come to the dispensary.

We have two Bible-women who go each morning to the tenement homes of our non-Christian neighbours, where they sing hymns and tell the story of Christ. They also give advice to the women about the care of their homes and families. The people to whom they go look forward to their coming and listen with interest. Our social worker visits in our neighbourhood and is always on hand when sickness or trouble comes to our neighbours. It is our aim to do more visiting among the people.

To find work for poor women is one of the important services which Bowker Hall attempts to render. For this a work-room is carried on under the direction of a Union Missionary Committee. Here poor Christian women come to sew, and thereby earn their own living or else eke out their husbands' meagre incomes. Some of the women bring their babies who play together under the care of the crèche matron. A kitchen where food is prepared for outsiders also gives employment.

Women seeking employment often come for our recommendation and help. Through this department interesting cases are brought to our attention. One such case was that of a Brahmin girl. She was a very young, attractive person, who told us a very plausible story and asked our help in getting work. We decided that the case needed investigation, and turned it over to the Children's Aid Society, which works in connection with the Children's Court. Inquiries proved that the girl's story was not true and that she was a runaway from her brother's home. Her brother took charge of her again, putting her into a good girls' school.

Bowker Hall is the meeting place for many activities of our Christian women and girls. The Dorcas Society of the church holds its meetings here. At Christmas time we gave a tea party to this society. There were about fifty children present and nearly as many mothers, and other women. Some of these women scarcely ever get out of their dark, one-roomed homes. A leading Indian woman doctor gave an address on the training of children, while the children romped on the playground.

Singing, English, and Marathi classes have been held in the evening. A piano teacher gives

music lessons at very reasonable rates to those who want them. We have the beginning of a good library which we hope to enlarge. The American Women's Club of Bombay has given us a gift of money for the purchase of a good bookcase and some Marathi books. From time to time they expect to give money for more vernacular books.

A new experiment which we are trying quite successfully so far is that of co-operating with the Y.W.C.A. One Saturday afternoon each month the Y.W.C.A. classes are held in Bowker Hall. Before the work hour the girls play games and have refreshments. To this part of the program our Indian teachers and girls are invited. Together these English, Anglo-Indian, and Indian girls play basket-ball and other games. This brings together groups of girls which, ordinarily, know little, and care little, about each other. It is good for them all.

Our school girls continue their Girl Guide, Blue Bird, and Christian Endeavour organizations which give them varied interests. Recently, a week of training for Girl Guide leaders was held in Bowker Hall. Two of our teachers are planning to attend the All-India Girl Guide Camp in Poona this Fall. Some of our teachers and school girls showed initiative and real talent in an entertainment which they got up last winter. It was a great success. With the money gained from this, the girls sent three of their number to a C.E. convention held in a distant town.

These are some of the ways in which we are "carrying on" in Bowker Hall, while Mrs. Gates is in America having a much-needed rest, and raising funds for a new building. We are eagerly looking forward to the realization of that dream, in which we shall have good hostel accommodations for our young women and girls away from the noise of piano practice, babies' crying, and the busy street. Then the doors of Bowker Hall can be thrown wide open for social and welfare work.

The Abbott Home, Wai

By Miss Gordon

One day, a man carrying on his head a flat basket, covered with dirty rags, appeared at our door. On inquiry we found he was one of our neighbours, a good caste man. Silently he put the basket down, drew off the rags, and there to our surprise was a tiny baby. His wife had died after giving birth to the child. There was no one who could look after the wee thing, so the man had brought his bairn to us, hoping that we would

take her. Already we had two motherless babies. The mother of one had died of cholera when he was three months old. The mother of the other had slipped away from the hospital one night, leaving her three-day-old baby behind. Two babies seemed enough to us. But this father pleaded, and the wee thing was so pathetic, that we finally yielded, knowing that if we didn't she would soon die.

On that day lack of room was a serious consideration in our home. But through Miss Picken's appeal, friends in America have made it possible to add several rooms. Now we need no longer say to anyone, "There is no room for you."

But someone has asked, "What is this Abbott Home?" As far as we can make it, it is a real home for widows, for cast-off young wives, for orphans, and for other real needy ones who have no home. It was named from Miss Abbott, who started the home in Bombay during the famine of 1900. Later it was brought here. It is largely maintained by the heroic efforts of Miss Emily Wheeler. We educate and train our boys and girls for their life work. Our present pastor and his wife were both among our first children. Some of our teachers grew up in the home, and many others have found places of work outside the mission.

The "Tribes" Settlement, Sholapur

By H. H. Strutton

After over twelve years of the mission's work in the settlement, it is rather a tonic for the staff to take a look at the groups of people now, either when they are wending their way homewards from the cotton mills in the evenings, or sitting outside their huts after the evening meal, or even when they form a circle outside the office, on a mill holiday, when some really worthwhile dispute or long-time feud is up for an attempt at solution.

Our first experiences with these same folk began when many of the tribes were brought in from wandering up and down the country, within a radius of 500 miles or more, and when all were living up to their name as "Criminal Tribes." Their offspring were wild little galoots who had never seen the inside of a school, unless it had been to peep through the door to see if the coast was clear, before they lifted the teacher's shoes from the doorstep.

"Are these really the wild beings we had to deal with ten and twelve years ago?" we find ourselves asking. "Are these comparatively

well-dressed children of the same caste and kin with those we had to do with so short a time back?" Verily they are! And some of them, in the Kindergarten school, are the bairns of those we had up on the office carpet so often in those more interesting days, when crims *were* crims!

And then! lest we should be exalted above measure, comes a report from the local police, that last night, between ten-thirty and midnight, a traveller from the railway station was "unmercifully beaten"—this is a popular phrase with the Indian police, probably used to distinguish such

to-day is double what his father's was twelve years ago, and for every skilled worker we then had in the mills we now have twenty skilled or semi-skilled ones there to-day. This is largely due to a well-equipped technical school in the settlement, financed by the mill managers, and to much higher standards of education prevailing in the ordinary schools of the settlement.

We have a problem here, not peculiar to India only, which calls for special attention. Out of over three hundred young men and lads, who have passed through the schools in recent years,

there are about thirty who need special attention to prevent them drifting into crime. They miss several days in the month from mill work, in addition to the five holidays, and they are apt to form gangs and get into mischief in the bazaars. So we have to put some of them on probation and others on special work outdoors, where they are in charge of skilled workers or teachers. If we can tide them over a year or so at this period, we can reasonably hope that they will settle down to honest work. This after-care or follow-up work for night school and other lads is very important.

One case which encourages us stands out this year. For several years, from 1918 on, a lad gave us a lot of thought and worry. Nothing

we could do for him seemed to touch his case. He was married early, and he and his mother made his young wife steal all sorts of things to help on the family finances. She was caught, of course, but being too young for commitment to jail, was left to us to deal with. Investigations proved that, against all rules, her boy husband was living with her and ill-treating her—so we sent her to a Mission Home for girls. He was a first-class malingerer. With a piece of broken tile he scraped an open wound on his leg till it suppurated, and thus had an excuse, plus much pain, for not going regularly to work. The sore was also a fine asset to beg with, and he got good returns till we made him submit to treatment, and made him keep the bandages on.

From bad he went, full speed, to worse, ranking well ahead of all others, as the most incorrigible of all our lads. Two years in a reformatory didn't reform him one bit, so he got one or two more in jail, later on, with scanty periods of release, during which time he was the bane of the settlement staff's uneasy existence.



A SETTLEMENT "STREET"

affairs from the merciful beatings poor folk used to get from their hands in days of yore—and robbed of cash and jewellery to the value of many rupees, and—"Will the settlement authorities please make enquiries and produce the culprit." Sometimes we can, and do, but not so often as we could, and did, a few years ago.

Settlers tell us now and again that it does not pay to steal in these days. "I am at work, and I get rupees 18. My sons, Bhimrya and Shankar, are in the mills and they get rupees 20 each. Their wives are in the reeling room and get rupees 9 each. Between us we have three half-timer children, who bring us in rupees 6 to 8 each month. Then we all get the grain allowance bonus. Why should we steal? We have more to spend than in the days when we lived by stealing! Then, what we have now is our own, the police get none of it, nor does the *Sircar* (Government), which used to eat up a lot of our money in fines!"

Another item worth noting is that the earning capacity of the young man in the settlement

Small wonder is it that the manager eventually wrote on D——'s history sheet: "This young man seems irreclaimable." Following this, the police again claimed him for a long spell.

Three years elapsed. Last month, as the manager was doing his round of one of the cotton mills, he had three men suddenly appear before him asking for permission to go on night work, on higher wages than they were then getting. Noticing that D—— was one of them, he said, "But night work is only for trustworthy men!" "I'm trustworthy!" blurted out D——. "The mischief you are! since when?" "Ask the Havildar!" was the answer. And the Havildar, who is a terror to evildoers, said: "Yes, Sahib, he is all right now, his mill record is good, and he works regularly!" D—— is a big strapping man now, and running straight! It was a real shock! Was it the period of youthful unrest, often noticeable from fourteen to eighteen, with its kicking at restraint? Had the crop of wild oats been cut? Was it the final result of much effort, teaching and prayer? Or was it God's hand? To us it looks rather like a miracle!

This year marks the beginning of the Settlers' Church at Umedpur. Several families of settlers have been baptized. Sholapur is the only mission controlled settlement that has adopted the rule that only persons who are no longer inside the wire enclosure, or those who are free from roll call at night, will be received or baptized as church members. Many of the registered settlers, from time to time, have asked for baptism, but we feel that the church should only be composed of those of whom the police and Government are satisfied that their record is so good that they can be trusted outside; so it is only from probationers or free settlers that we draw our Settlers' Church members.

Miss Hoxie returned, after furlough in America, with sufficient funds donated by friends to erect a church building on the settlement. We think of adopting an oriental plan for the building, a semi-open-air type, and hope to have it erected within the next twelve months. We are very grateful to those friends who make this much-needed building possible.

We had a request in July, asking us to go to a village, twenty-five miles away, and baptize several families, married sons of one who had once been a restricted settler in this place. Instead of going, we paid their expenses to come in to Sholapur, and be baptized before their relatives and friends in the settlement. They did this, and we had a fine service one Sunday evening.

They will be visited regularly, in their villages, by a Kanarese pastor who is also a probation officer. Most of this work, after all, is an endeavour to:

"... Find out men's wants and will
And meet them there!"

SOME SETTLEMENT STATISTICS

Out of 4,500 settlers, 2,000 are now free.

Most of these will not leave us, so we have to let them live in our free colonies adjoining the enclosed areas where, perhaps, some of their relatives still live.

We *do* have cases where they refuse to leave the wire enclosure, as they say their own property is safer there, and it is hard to force them out, at times.

About 300 have gone to live on fields that they have purchased from their savings (let us hope), in various villages throughout the District.

The mills are giving us grants for free settlers who work in the mills, as we forfeit all Government grants when settlers become too good to live inside the enclosure. This mill grant amounts to Rs. 7,000 annually.

The Government capitation grant is only paid for 2,500 people now, and diminishes each year, for "good" reasons.

From local sources,—mill grants for medical and technical school work, sanitation cess, ground rent from voluntary settlers,—our annual income has now reached Rs. 20,000.

Our Christian staff, in voluntary tithes and offerings, contribute two-thirds of the amount spent in the evangelistic work of the settlement. In this way, all have a vital interest in it.

"And not by Eastern windows, only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow,—how slowly!
But Westward,—look! the land is bright."—*Clough*.

Settlement Schools

By Miss Hoxie

"The City of Hope" is bounded by a barbed-wire enclosure eleven feet in height. Within that is a second "double enclosure." The place is full of large huts, small huts, huts in good repair, huts in bad repair. Outside the wire are other huts grouped in villages of sorts, and off to the north-west are the smoke stacks of the mills where 1,600 of the 4,500 "Criminal Tribes" people go to work. Twelve-year-old children go to work for half a day, and fifteen-year-olds go for all day.

Out of these huts the children come swarming—out through the open gate and up the hill

to the long, low, unæsthetic school buildings. Yes, they swarm to the number of 1,150 in day school and night school; children of seven different tribes and as many languages. Some are ragged, some are whole; some are clean and some are—not. There are good ones and bad ones, well ones and sick ones, and every one of them has a story of interest back of him. There is nothing the matter with the mental capacity of most of them. (There is the usual per cent. of dullards, but even they are ahead of the dullards of the ordinary population.) They are bright enough to steal. They are bright enough to learn better things, if they can be made to want to, and they are learning to want to—slowly, steadily. There is a reformatory home for girls and one for boys who are turning too slowly from the ways of their ancestors, and many are on probation with probation officers who have complete case records of them and their families. There are also a growing number of after-care cases.

Out of a group of 600 of these school children, 39 come often to school without eating; 44 go begging in the mills or the city (if they can manœuvre it. It is a race between them and us. They are kept occupied from seven-thirty a.m. to five-thirty p.m. most days, so the chances for begging grow less and less. There are 20 of those who are cases of real need, and instead of getting money they are given one big, bountiful meal a day); 46 are persistent in trying to be absent from school (including the beggars); 106 are married and some 15 of those who are girls are living with their husbands' families—not because it is approved by the powers that be, but because their marriages are so mixed up with their relations that if they happen to be partially or entirely orphaned, living with an own-aunt-mother-in-law is often preferable to living with an alien step-mother.

Debt? Yes. Many of the families are in debt—for weddings, mostly, and many are in the clutches of the money-lenders in the bazaar, who extract interest at the rate of 150 per cent. so that they are forever paying the interest and never reaching the principal. There is a co-operative society for them, but few of them realize what that is and why.

Poverty? Some. Not as much as might appear on the surface. When a man and one or two wives and two to four children work in the mills and get steady salaries and "grain allowance," which the mills have given during and since the War, because of the profiteering of merchants in the bazaar, they can manage to live in comparative peace and freedom from the police, so that they decide it does not pay to steal. Poverty it is from western standards, but not from theirs. They have not what may be accurately described as a high standard of living. When the husband

is in jail and the wife not on work, then the children suffer.

Systematic physical examinations have been started for the children. So many of them have worms! It is a common malady among the poor of this country, and not infrequent among the rich. Children eat dirt and often the family bread is insufficiently cooked and the flour is not always germ-proof! Fuel is expensive and ignorance is profound. Endeavours are being made to teach them the necessity of using enough heat to kill the germs, not to mention making the food palatable. There is plenty of malaria, too, in this mosquito-land. There is an International Commission on Malaria now in India, and we are looking to them hopefully for constructive suggestions and measures for relieving the situation. Then there are children who are anæmic and



LITTLE HUSBANDS AND WIVES

under-nourished, and there are those who have itch, and scabies, and trachoma, whooping cough, bronchitis, bad ears, measles, small-pox, guinea-worm, and ringworm, and venereal disease.

There are thirty Christian teachers for this small army; teachers who have been trained in the Inter-Mission Union Training School, the Kindergarten Training School, or Government Training School. The aim is to give the children a knowledge of the elementary subjects through the project—whether of home or field, cotton or wheat, shop or post-office, garden or workshop; through the story method of reading and silent reading. Wood-work, weaving, tin-work, gardening, poultry-raising, constitute the industrial part of the training. The technical school is full of boys and girls. Older girls are taught sewing, hygiene, child-care, household accounts.

Boy Scouts (nine troops), Girl Guides (three companies plus one Ranger Company), Bluebirds (two flocks), form a nucleus for intensive character-development which we value most highly as a means to our end. No year goes by without training camps for captains and lieutenants, and so interest and progress are not allowed to wane.

Five boys are now in higher standards of outside schools, one girl in a teachers' training school, nearly ready to be the first teacher from among these who are "born to be robbers," higher classes are growing larger, a school *panchayat* (court) as well as a teachers' *panchayat* function in matters of school affairs, discipline, and so forth. A Sunday school is getting results in ways hard to put on paper. The children have just sent fifteen rupees (about five dollars) for the Sind Flood Relief. There is a Christian Endeavour Society for the group of Christian children who are future servants of India in the making. A few, along with their parents, have openly become followers of Jesus. There is now quite a nucleus among these settlers for the new church which we hope will be built before the year is over. The *bhajan* singing of the children is ahead of any other group of children in the city. They love music, and many are the great thoughts they get through this great poetry. (The Marathi language area is rich in Indian music, thanks to the efforts of many of the early and later missionaries, chief of whom is Miss Bissell, as many of you know.) And we have ways of seeing that they absorb some of the meaning, though much is yet to be understood, not only through the mind, but through experience.

We are not trying to "educate them quickly out of their environment," but to give them such knowledge, whether of the head, hand or heart as will help them to realize that the way of sincere service and honest relations with their neighbours is the best way of life, and fit them to attain that end, economically, physically, spiritually. This means building Christ-like character, and so, permeating all the teaching that is given, is the teaching of the Master Friend of the children.

It is an up-hill road leading away from superstition, ignorance, bad environment, lack of ideals. But they are climbing upward. The children are becoming better than their parents, and as one looks back over the road along which they have been advancing, one is en-



OUR PRIZE BANDANAS

couraged by the progress they have made—though there is still a long way to go and "the road winds uphill all the way."

WHITE GIFTS

By Miss Allen

The sun was shining. There was no snow. There weren't any slippery sidewalks. We went over to the school on little paths. There wasn't a line of goloshes and rubbers outside the door. We didn't wear coats—just light sweaters for a little while. There were many, many children. Children of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions. There were all the possible colours you could imagine. There were five white people there among the four or five hundred children who had come to learn a little more of what the Christmas spirit and time may mean to those who know Christ.

On the low-roofed veranda of the school was a straight-legged table over which was draped a sheet. In front of the table, against the pure white sheet, stood a well-known picture—that simple, direct, soul-gripping head of Christ. With its black frame against the whiteness of the sheet, one could easily see the features of the Man we love. There was a stillness which

pervaded there on the whole hilltop. There was a quiet which reminded one of the enfolding Spirit of God.

Soon the children began to group themselves in front of the picture, and to sing one of their songs. We sat a little apart, listening. I, for one, was thinking. When had there been such a quiet time, reminding me of Christ, and why I came over here to India? When had I ever seen so large a group of children all intent on the same purpose, symbolizing to them, and to us, the Love of Christ? What was it that was gripping me by the heart, that made me want to sit quietly, listening to that "still small voice"? I could not bear to move from my chair, nor did I want anyone else to move near me. I felt apart, although close to Someone who was very near and very dear to me. I could not speak; I didn't seem to hear anyone else speaking. When the children sang their Christmas

songs in their strange tongue, I heard only something far away, which was sending me into a newness, a freshness, and an abounding love, which I felt I was going to rely on to give out to these children in this huge land.

Soon the children came up to give their tiny gifts—for this was their White Gift Christmas service. Their hard-earned savings were to be given to little ones worse off than they. Some were going to the little starving Chinese children. And, sons and daughters of the Criminal Tribes though they were, some of their gifts were to go to the Depressed Classes children of the city. I wondered if, in the history of my life, or even in the history of my nation, there had ever been so complete a sacrifice. I doubted it very much. Just a tiny bit of grain saved from out of the scant daily bread, a potato or two, an onion, a few vegetables. Then, perhaps from a few children would come a pice or two. Those children who were working in some shop or other, or doing half-time in the mills, gave eagerly. Two such groups vied with each other to see who would be able to give the most money. It was a wonderfully awe-inspiring sight.

These White Gift services mean much to these little tots. They do not receive any gifts then. Their whole thought is to give for others. They are happy in doing that. They are eager to come, bringing their mite. To them the size of their gifts does not matter; to Christ it does not matter. They feel they are doing a bit of good when they toddle up to the place in front of the picture to place their offering. No wise man with frankincense or myrrh ever placed a more worthy offering before Christ. Some could hardly walk, so tiny were they, and so large the bunch of grain they were giving.

It was a great experience. I, who had known what real comforts of home and school and country were; I, who had never missed anything I thought essential for my own happiness; I, who came from a home that wasn't divided and where love predominated; I, whose life seemed almost self-centered as I watched these little



WHITE GIFTS FOR OTHERS' CHRISTMAS

ones,—I knew then that it was taking these little ones to help me remember why I came, and that it was they who were helping me reconsecrate my life for others. God was there. Christ was there. Love was there and nothing worldly. It was as if I had been led to Christ and given His blessing. I then knew that my life had been re-born. I prayed and thanked Him.

A great experience—this reconsecration of life—this opportunity of attending this service, to sit and hear the Voice in the Silence. One really could hear inside the heart—"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace among men, in whom He is well pleased."

RECONCILIATION

By H. H. Strutton

Not long ago a man had, to use the term of his caste, "spoiled a woman," and had been consequently fined and outcasted. There had been many scraps and quarrels over it, which the caste people had enjoyed, though many heads had been chipped and cracked in the process.

But the time had come for him to be received

in again. The caste, *en bloc*, proceeded to a spot outside the settlement and lit a big fire. Into this they inserted stones, until they were well heated.

A circular trench was made, filled with water, and the man who was to be reinstated, had to step within it, almost naked. He was then washed by the elders, and by his own son, with milk (and water, for everyone waters milk in India). This done, he had to lie down on his back, and the hot stones were placed upon his

as they could contrive. This distance completed, he had to run back between other lines where men had the hot cakes, hard as stones almost, and be pelted with these. Some of the men had inserted stones between the cow-dung pieces, which gave the man several severe abrasions on his head and shoulders. But this seemed to be more or less expected, and was passed off with a few racy references to each others' female relations.

After this, a re-robing in a new cloth, and the



THE OUTCAST MUST BE WASHED IN MILK AND WATER BY HIS ELDEST SON

chest. Mercifully, they were wrapped in a turban first. A stone grinding mill was put on top of the stones, adding fifty pounds to the weight already there. Then certain of the elders, with the son again, ground some lentils into flour on top of him.

Green branches of the wild cotton tree had been placed in the fire until they were well heated. Around the fire were cakes of cow-dung, also hot. In the next procedure the man had to run between two lines of young men, armed with these green branches, and be beaten as hard

man was, ceremonially, clean. Remained only the fact that one and all of the caste, beginning at the oldest, were to break bread with him. It was too much to expect that an affair of this kind should pass off serenely and according to program, where this hot-blooded brood was concerned. It didn't.

First of all, the eldest son of the wronged family wanted to leave a few personal impressions on the culprit. When he was prevented from letting go too completely, he took offence. He persuaded his "father an' mother an' all" to



LENTILS MUST BE GROUND TO FLOUR UPON HIS CHEST

"untouchables." But whatever others' opinions of their caste status may be, they themselves are certain that they are of some importance as a caste, and would be indignant if you asked how any of them can be outcasted from a people who are outside the pale of recognized castes. It is not unanswerable to them. It simply *is* so!

leave the scene. Because they did, others did also, and the feast was broken up. It took nearly two hours to get them all together again, and in that time a lot of truths, and not a few lies, were indulged in. However, at the close of the day everybody seemed satisfied, and that is the only criterion one usually has of judging whether the whole thing has been worth while, or not.

I certainly would not wish to belong to that particular caste, but if I did, I wouldn't want to do anything that would subject me to the treatment needed to get back in again. And yet, in it all there seemed a large amount of sense to the ritual. The elders and the son engaged in the washing with milk, the fire, the grinding, and the punishment. Then, after all, the reconciliation feast; all eating from the same heap of sugar and flour as the man did. How he ever survived the latter ordeal! For it took him nearly an hour to go through with it. But, to him, it was obviously the most likeable part of the day's proceedings.

These folk are considered as out-castes, or, to use the word in vogue today by those of higher castes in India,



COW-DUNG CAKES ARE HEATED TO PELT THE MAN WITH, AS WELL AS A VESSEL OF RICE FOR THE FEAST

EDUCATION

*"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding."—Proverbs 3: 13.*

THERE are many schools in the mission. Schools for all ages of children. Schools for special training. The American Marathi Mission has started many educational institutions. Formerly, almost the entire educational system for the mass of the Indian people was mission-founded, because there was no other adequate means of education for the people. Government has taken great steps, however, and now the demand does not fall so entirely upon missions for supply. In fact many of the mission schools, especially village schools, have been closed, because Government schools have been opened in those particular villages. There are, of course, Government schools in the cities, as well as other private schools. But most of our mission schools in cities are large, and have boarding departments in connection with them. The Christian influence we are able to wield through these is their *raison d'être*. If the schools come up to the academic standards which Government sets, there are grants given by Government to help toward expenses. Were it not for these grants many of our schools could not go on. Yet, often, because of these grants our highest contributions are thwarted. The curriculum prescribed by Government, we often feel is not appropriate. Among the masses few really benefit by such an academic training as Government desires. Yet if the curriculum is changed, no matter its merits, Government grants cease, so that those in charge of schools feel restricted. It takes great nerve to go ahead where you cannot see sufficient material support. It demands great faith. Thus the missionary educationalist in India to-day finds himself caught between the devil of Government and the deep blue sea of lack of support from his constituency.

Ahmednagar Girls' School

By Miss Welles

This school was founded in 1838. In 1925 it was made a High school. It is the only High school for girls in Ahmednagar District, an area the size of the State of Connecticut. It takes girls from Kindergarten through High school. It has about 400 pupils, boarding and day, of whom about 20 are non-Christians.

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them"

The fruits of the girls' school are assuredly her girls. The test of the fruit comes when the student goes out from the sheltering walls of the school to her position in the world of affairs. Only of late years have Ahmednagar graduates ventured far afield, but now we find them scattered throughout India, some still studying, others already at their life work. Of such is Sundrabai Gaikwad, valued physician and surgeon in our Mission Hospital at Wai. Beautiful in face and spirit, a trusted worker and a valued

friend, we are proud to own her as ours. Equally proud are we of the sweet-faced woman who comes and goes daily in our compound, quietly and unobtrusively going about her important work. She is head mistress of the Primary school, a wise counsellor and friend. Nanubai Gaikwad is her name. Being head-mistress of a school of some two hundred pupils is a large job in itself. To this Nanubai adds the duties of a growing family, for she is a wife and mother as well as a teacher.

Here I would like to speak of another girl, who is also a devoted mother. She lives in a small country town where her husband is the mission doctor. Since her marriage, five years ago, they have lived in small towns, among very simple people, most of whom did not know English. But Subhaktibai and her husband have kept up their English and their interest in reading, so that when one goes to their little home, they talk easily and pleasantly. When so many of our girls quickly forget their

English as soon as they are married and go away, it is a credit to this girl that she has not let herself forget. But a greater credit is the spirit which she and her husband have shown about their living quarters. In one town where they lived, suitable accommodation could not be found, and they were forced to live near the dispensary, in a very small, dark, ill-ventilated room. Next door was a peanut-shucking mill which rained peanut dust upon them for months at a time. They never complained, but cheerfully made the best of their unattractive surroundings. In the village where they now live, where because of position they could have had the best house there was to offer, they have chosen a very tiny house, because its situation afforded them better air, and more playground for their three children. Here they, who are among the leading people of the community, live in perfect accord with their humble neighbours. To you that may not seem an accomplishment worthy of note, but to us who know how difficult it is for some of our boys and girls to go back to live uncomplainingly in a village after having had an education, it is indeed a matter of triumph and thankfulness.

You would like to see our girls who are away at college or training schools. They are very nice when they leave Ahmednagar, we think. After a few months in an institution of higher learning where they acquire broader interests, meet girls from all parts of India in every walk of life, their poise is really charming. No longer timid school girls, they are young ladies of the world who hold their heads high, and are glad to talk to you of what they have seen and done. One of the most delightful hours I have ever spent was while Hira Nagarwalla, a Parsee girl

of Ahmednagar, who entered our school in the first grade and went right to the top, told me of her experiences in Bombay at the University Settlement. She had always been a fine, bright girl, but I have never seen such a change in any one; from a pleasant-spoken, retiring girl,

she had changed into a sparkling, radiant young lady. She fairly bubbled over with merriment as she told me of all the things she had seen and done in Bombay, of her courses in Wilson College, of the excursions about the city, of the lectures and socials. I sat fascinated, listening to this tale of a girl's first contact with the big world. She was alive to all the opportunities around her. She was eager to improve herself in every way. She was keenly appreciative of every chance for enlightenment which that great and busy city offered her.

The two girls, Manorama and Prabhavati, who are in the Madras Christian College, are having new and strange experiences. They are walking by the ocean and visiting the aquarium, they are attending Y.W.C.A. functions, and doing social work. Their food is different. Their work is hard. But it is all great fun. They are

already getting ideas of what they can do to improve their old school. Prabhavati was not there two weeks when she wrote a long description of the beautiful chapel service at the Madras College, asking if our Prayer Service could not be made like it in certain respects. "What do you think," she writes, "of having a special, sweet, appealing-to-the-soul bell in the compound for the dormitories and other people? A bell of sweet sound, and they ring it in the morning when everybody in the dormitory should attend prayers and the rest of the people should observe strict silence for twenty minutes



THREE AHMEDNAGAR GIRLS' SCHOOL GRADUATES

Sumati Chahranarayan, a teacher in the School
 Avantika Padale, a student at Ludhiana Medical College
 Manorama Ohol, a student at Madras Christian College

The bell can be used especially for prayers in the morning and evening. Daily work bell should not be used for worship. The bell should

High school in the city, and the large Primary school, connected with it.

"The Yellow Upper Story," as our dorm. is popularly known among the people of the city, is the home for ten months of the year of seventy school boys. They come, some from surrounding districts and some from other, more distant missions. Having these boys, as we do, day in and day out, the dormitory offers us a superb opportunity for the building of Christian character. It is here where we feel that we have been able to make our most tangible gains. The dorm. is cleaner, the work is better done, the student government



WOMEN AT A VILLAGE WELL

be rung very slowly and quietly as if it is calling each soul out of her daily affairs. Silence should be observed very strictly." Is not that a beautiful suggestion? To learn much that they might give more, seems to be the spirit with which both these girls are living their new life.

We have mentioned only a few of our girls. But we give equal honour to those who are doing their work faithfully in many corners of this great land. May they not find their way too hard and rough. May whatever learning or inspiration they received in Ahmednagar go with them through life. And may they hold fast to the ideal which they learned in school, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

The Ahmednagar Boys' High School

By W. Q. Swart

The work of the Boys' High school falls naturally into three divisions: the dormitory for Christian boys, the

functions more smoothly, there are fewer cases of serious discipline, the boys seem happier, there is a greater sense of activity, than a year ago.

No small part of this is due to the work of Mr. Wilder, the short term man who came to us last year. With his fine sense of fairness in dealing with the boys, and his patience and genuine interest in them, he has met with most satisfying results. Along with Mr. Wilder, we



MENDING DAY AT THE 'NAGAR GIRLS' SCHOOL

now have living in the dormitory a young Christian master with his family, who are keeping a friendly eye on the boys. Also, there is the new master of games and athletics, who makes it his aim to have every boy in the dorm. taking part in some form of recreation every evening after school. This, together with the small boys' gardens, and the more ambitious project in gardening which Mr. Wilder has worked out with a group of the older boys, accounts for the air of increased activity. There has been a better spirit in the dorm., partly

due to the fact that the boys have been busy and happy, and partly due to the fact that we have succeeded in breaking up a hierarchy of older boys who had been running the student government somewhat for their own benefit.

A new feature of Harris Hall life has been the chapel. Thanks to a cheque which came from a friend at home, we have been able to fit up a room with a curtain, a little altar, and a picture of Christ, so as to seem quite like a place of worship. Little by little we have been teaching the boys to use it reverently for their evening prayers, and it is open in the mornings for boys to go there for their early morning devotions.

A thorough physical examination of the boys, last year, showed that most of them were in better shape than we had expected. Mrs. Swart weighs them each month, and now two generous gifts from home make it possible for us to buy two buffaloes, so that we can give milk to boys who are underweight and sick.

The work of the High school is larger and more involved. Consequently here our gains have seemed to come more slowly. Everyone feels, from the Minister of Education on down, that our present secondary education is quite

unsatisfactory. The present education is foreign and superficial and fits the boys only to fill "white collar jobs," for which the supply exceeds the demand. The question is, "What ought we to be doing about it?" Certainly as a Christian High school we are failing both in our duty to our boys, as well as



"WELCOME TO HARRIS HALL"

to India, if we do not try to give our boys a type of education which is more in keeping with the life to which they belong.

As far as our own school is concerned, it has seemed to me that our attempted solution ought to assume two distinct phases. First, to render more effective the type of education which we are giving. Second, after feeling our way a bit during the first phase, to produce a more practical type of education which will better fit boys to take their part in the economic life of

India.

So far we have only scratched the surface in the first phase. We need trained teachers with a vision of what their work can mean to Indian boys. Last year we sent off a promising young chap to the Y.M.C.A. Physical Training College in Madras. Now

he is back and doing good work with the boys. This year we have a young mathematics teacher training in the Government Training College in Bombay. As we get the money and the right men, we hope that we can continue this policy



"MY TURN NOW!"

with good results. In this connection we have been most fortunate to get Mr. Wilder, who had not only training in educational theory, but also three years of educational experience in America. He has done good work with the teachers, especially in connection with our examinations.

Modified vocational training seems desirable, so we are at work on a scheme whereby we may offer it to at least a part of our boys. We are encouraging our older boys to read books on industries and occupations. We are holding, in two weeks' time, the first of a series of conferences for our older boys, with men representing different fields of engineering, agriculture, and industry. In this way we hope to get them interested in other lines than the traditional Government service, office work, and the like.

Last in our list, as well as in our budget, comes the Primary school, with its eight masters and over three hundred wriggly little urchins. It is a genuine opportunity for community service, drawing, as it does, the children of our neighbourhood shopkeepers and merchants. But they pay no fees, the Government grant is small, and the mission grant is smaller. So our masters are poorly paid and poorly trained, and it is all but impossible to buy the equipment which makes school dear to a little child's heart.

The Farrar Schools, Ahmednagar

These schools are under the charge of Mrs.

Henry Fairbank. Miss Cynthia Farrar was the first unmarried missionary to come out to our mission. More than this, she was the first one to open a girls' school in Western India, if not in all India. These schools, for Hindu girls, are still carrying her name and her influence.



"EAT WITH US, SIR?"

The Saliwadi school, largely attended by girls of the *Saliwadi* (weaver) caste, and situated in their quarter of the city, is upstairs over the landlord's shop. The landlord takes a great interest in the school, and assures our pupils and teachers protection from the many other tenants of the building, and the crowds that come to that section of the street for bazaaring. The pupils are poor. Most of them are undernourished. There are five teachers for the five classes which meet in tiny rooms. The girls often go to the mission bungalow to play. One of their greatest joys is an American doll!

The Maliwada school is really in the *Maliwada* (Outside the Gate) quarter, for it is among the Mahars and Mangs, the outcastes. On festival days these little girls skip school to go out begging. When there are big feasts they make it a point to be on hand, for they get the left-overs. They attend marriages, and are married, for these people marry very young. They have been up late the night before, and have slept over school time.



AN EXHIBITION OF GAMES AND DRILLS, AHMEDNAGAR BOYS' SCHOOL

Most often someone in the family, or they themselves, are ill. And so what happens to school attendance? Would you like the task of trying to make them keep their black hair unsnarled and neat, and their clothes tidy? Sometimes it seems so hopeless! But, year by year, girls do come out of the schools into Christian life and fill responsible places. If the girls are unmarried when they finish the third grade through which this school takes them, and, most doubtful of all, if their parents want them to continue school, arrangements are made for them as day pupils in the girls' High school.

On Sundays, these two schools, and one in the *Juna* (Old) Bazaar, are filled with boys and girls for Sunday school. Usually the boys three or four times outnumber the girls. The climax for each little boy and girl is when he receives, at the end of each session, a picture postcard. With about three hundred youngsters to supply every Sunday, this means a large number of cards. Does anyone in America not know what to do with his old picture cards or Christmas cards? He need no longer be undecided. Please don't throw them away.

American Mission High School, Bombay

By T. Buell

This High school is co-educational. Of the four hundred and fifty Hindu, Muhammadan, Jewish, and Christian pupils, eighty are girls. Back in 1923, the question was what was to be done with the vacant rooms in the school. This past year some remodeling has had to be done in order to make enough room for the increasing number of students. More airy classrooms have been made. Modern sanitary conveniences have been installed.

Besides the High school, and the boarding departments for its boys and for its girls, there are connected with the institution a Primary

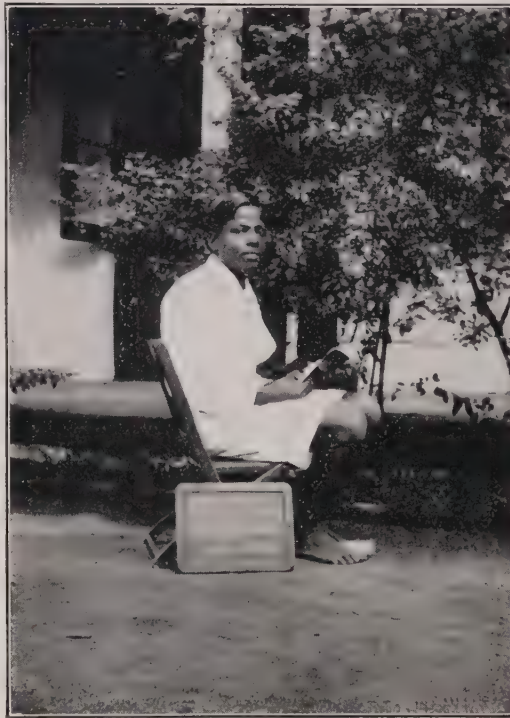
school, and the Clarke-Abbott Home for forty little children under twelve. The institution is under a deep debt of gratitude to Miss Emily C. Wheeler, and Dr. J. E. Abbott for their support and co-operation.

Listen to what young Richard David Punnuswamy says:

"Though I have no claim on the American Marathi Mission, as my parents, who were Tamilians, were Roman Catholics, yet I am deeply indebted to this mission and especially to Miss Emily Wheeler for taking care of me these last twelve years. I have a very faint recollection of my parents, as they died while I was very young. My father died of plague, and my mother of malaria, here in Bombay. I have no one except an aunt, mother's sister, and four sisters who are all Roman Catholics. These

sisters were taken by the Roman Catholic nuns in their foundling home, and I have not much to do with them. Dr. and Mrs. Abbott were good enough to take me into their Clarke-Abbott Home, and since then I am, as it were, a child of the American Mission.

"I am now in the sixth standard, and may leave school in a year and a half. I am during my leisure hours helping Mrs. Buell in the work in the home, which I love very much, for it has nursed many poor orphans. I feel I could show my gratitude to the mission by supporting a poor orphan like myself when I begin to earn. I hope soon to become a full member of the American Mission Church."



RICHARD DAVID PUNNUSWAMY

Burnell MacKinley School, Bombay

By Miss Simpson

Our Bombay City schools have become the Burnell MacKinley School. In some ways it has been hard to face the shutting up of schools,

so long a part of the work of the mission, and which, had there been sufficient funds, might have become neighbourhood centres of usefulness. One school had already started a night school. When the day school was closed, this had to go too. But though missions have led the way in establishing schools, now India herself is establishing them for her children. It is therefore a glad day when the mission can surrender educational work in some places, so strengthening it in others or even putting the funds into other mission work.



VOLLEY-BALL ON THE OLD TENNIS COURT

The Burnell School, in Mazagaon, E Ward, Bombay, had two teachers and thirty-eight children, in an impossible schoolroom. I learned that there were no other schools in this section of the city, and that there were many children in the district not in any school. Here was a need and an opportunity. We dared to go on to larger things. We hired a building costing four times the rent we previously paid. We re-hired two teachers formerly in our MacKinley School, and proceeded. In a month's time there were sixty children; in two months, ninety. Now we have one hundred and five, and still they come. Whenever I enter the school their shin-

ing faces are a joy, and their salaams fill the air with happy greetings. One loyal group in America has sent regularly five dollars to help pay the increased rent.

The landlord has consented to our using the tennis court back of the school for supervised play. The Neighbourhood House has proved a neighbour, furnishing us with an old volley-ball, net, and poles. We long for other things for the smaller children. How we would like to be able to buy a swing or a slide! And we want to start up a night school here. We want to do work with the parents, and find their needs. There is lots to be done. It is glorious to have a part in building the manhood and womanhood of India, a nation with a glorious past and a still greater future.

The Girls' School, Rahuri

By Mrs. Moulton

The hammer, the trowel, and the stone cutter's chisel have been the insignia of Rahuri the past year. As you enter the compound you are faced by the two new pillars which mark the entrance to the "stronghold." At the left is the wall—a long, strong, cement wall which has been erected so that our sixty girls won't have to eat their meals exposed to the public eye. Heretofore we have had, first, the unhealthy cactus, and then the barbed wire. To-day we are able to let the girls dry their hair out in their own compound without everyone in each of the twenty-five daily lorries being aware of the fact! As one passes on into the compound, there is the new ladies' bungalow at the left. Just a bare bungalow, waiting to get a lived-in look after November first. If you step in you will be struck by all the modern conveniences. No more sweeper! Here we have running water and the septic tanks, wall cupboards with glass doors, hanging closets big enough to hang something in, sleeping porches made to sleep on, and even a kitchen with a stove and an honest to goodness sink!

But this is the ladies' bungalow! And so the days of Mr. Moulton, acting lady principal of the Rahuri Girls' School, are numbered! October twenty-eighth is drawing near, and on that date Miss Wood will land in Bombay. If anyone should try to impede her progress toward Rahuri, there would be a riot and we should be deported as undesirable aliens! She *really* is coming. We can hardly believe it, but some of her freight is already here so we are inclined to believe it is so. And how we need

her! We have about sixty girls now. Most of them are in the upper classes and are the very ones who need the most attention. We have been hesitating over starting an industrial class, but at last have decided to wait until Miss Wood is on the ground. Last year we passed six girls out of eleven candidates—not so good, but better far than the year before. We hope that the results will be even better this year. Suzanbai is still on

Satara Schools

By Miss Nugent

We are most fortunate in Satara with so much natural beauty on all sides of us—and our schools are fortunate in being placed in the midst of it. A big compound to play in, plenty of trees to climb, and great trailers on our banyan trees that make beautiful swings; to say nothing of the



BEFORE AND AFTER THE CHRISTMAS BOX, AT RAHURI

the job. For six years now she has taken care of the large dormitory in a most exposed place without a breath of gossip about her charges. One has to have charge of a girls' school for a few years to realise what that means. The work in the dormitory runs like a clock and the place is as clean as a whistle. I don't mind saying that that is one big reason why Suzanbai "fits" so well with the missionaries-in-charge. And again, one has to be in charge of a hostel for a few years to appreciate *that*, too. It will be a great day for us all when there is someone whose business will be this school, and who will bring to it all the training and consecration which Miss Wood is bringing. We are holding our breath until October 28!

tamarind trees that are a source of joy to the kiddies, but a source of trouble to those in charge of the children. Just now they are covered with green pods that tempt the unwary and are responsible for many a tummy ache as well as other aches.

The numbers in the Middle school are above the average this year, sixty-seven in all. In the Station school and the Kindergarten there are one hundred and twenty-seven on the roll and several who are sitting waiting for the magic age of four to let them in. The children are a very happy group, enjoying gardening at this season. Their garden is beginning to look quite gay. It has been a great help in teaching them not to pull and destroy not only their own flowers, but those of their neighbours.

Some of our teachers have gone this year for training. Others have returned to take up work again after passing their college exams.

The Christian community is gradually climbing higher, and quite a number are going to college and now are not satisfied with their former attainments—a healthy sign. High school, which was formerly for the few, is now an essential for the many.

There are about one hundred and thirty boys and girls in the schools for the Tanners and Shoemakers. Lately there has been a falling off in the higher standards in the girls' school. The people are not very enthusiastic over education for their girls. Boys, of course, must have education to carry them on in business. But girls are still supposed not to need anything to make better wives and mothers or better housekeepers. If more time could be spent among the homes, and more attention given to teaching the girls sewing and knitting, attendance would probably grow. We lack workers of the right kind for this most necessary branch of the work.

An elderly lady has been employed to visit among the homes of the Christian families in cases of sickness. She also visits in the homes of the school children and has quiet talks with their mothers, encouraging them to send their children to school regularly. This is a beginning toward the fulfilment of a real need which we have felt for a long time.

Sirur Schools

By R. H. Gaikwad

It was Saturday noon. As I was going out to our boys' boarding I was salaamed by an old man who seemed to be so tired and done up that he was hardly able to stand. I made him sit down, and sat near him. He had with him a bright little young lad. As we sat there under a tree, the man and boy eating some dry pieces of *bajri* bread, the old man said to me, "I want to put Kisan (Krishna), my grandson, in your boarding school."

"What for?" I asked.

"I want him to become a good Christian so that he may come back to my village as a learned man."

"Why do you want him to become a Christian and get some learning?"

"My son, his father, was a Christian. He was a great defender of our caste, which is always oppressed by the higher castes of the village."

The old man had come from a village which is more than thirty miles away from Sirur. It

took him three days to come and bring the boy. I could see the keen desire of the old man to put the lad in school. So I told him about the boarding expenses. With real earnestness he promised to pay one rupee a month, which is, after all, only one-sixth of what the boy actually needs to support himself. However, I could not refuse the old man, so Kisan was taken into school.

The old man, of at least seventy years, goes to the forest, gets wood, and sells it in a nearby village to get only a few pice. But every pie he can get he saves to make up his rupee. With real hard work this grand old father gathers the coins, and there he stands without fail at the end of each month, with those coins tied in so many knots in a rag around his loins. Of course, he



WOOD GATHERERS

does not know any English months, but exactly on the new moon day he appears. Who can not admire such an earnest old soul? Kisan is now in the first English standard, doing very well. He has to work in the vegetable garden evenings to get a few annas for his clothes and books. He is a bright lad. We feel sure he will turn out to be a good Christian, not only protecting his people from oppression, but also bringing them to the feet of Jesus.

In the Sirur boarding school this year there are ninety pupils. In the Boys' Anglo-Vernacular school they are feeling the influence of two fine young Christian teachers who are new on the staff. In the Girls' Vernacular school special attention is given to domestic economy and cooking. Five of the senior girls can tell how much this emphasis means, for they have been married to good Christian young men who are working as carpenters, motor drivers, and clerks in nearby towns. Their lives are happy. The girls say it is because of their training, which has given them such an advantage over so many of their sisters.

The Sir D. M. Petit Industrial School, at Sirur

This school was started in 1879 by the late Rev. Winsor. To celebrate its fiftieth year of life we are planning a grand jubilee in the month of November. Government officials and leading people of the surrounding district will be there. We hope this will spread the knowledge about the school in this area, where industrial training is so badly needed.

A Day in the Sholapur Boys' School

By Miss Emerick



You don't mind getting up early, do you? We'll have to get down to the boarding at

five-thirty in order to see the boys awake from their night's slumber under the stars. They sleep on two long mats outside—thirty-four of them.

They wash their teeth with much noise, their face and hands with less, and then start their work. Each has a cleaning-up job—sweeping the yard, the road, the various rooms, watering the plants and trees, and so forth. Then they sit in two long rows on a mat—again under the big blue sky in our sort of courtyard. 'Tis a cozy place to sleep, have prayers, and to eat; it is enclosed on three sides by buildings, and three little flower gardens, and in the centre there are two lovely, big shade trees. When all are quiet, prayers begin. Then they eat, and are off to school at five minutes to seven. The school is some seven blocks from the boarding. There the crowd of little brown gingerbread boys swells to two hundred and sixteen—most of them Christians, but many of them Hindus and Muhammadans.

You will enjoy most of all, I think, seeing the little, brown, hatted boys *sing* their tables. A leader—the brightest boy—stands, with arms folded, in front of the class, and sings " $2 \times 4 = 8$," then the rest of the boys sing it. Then " $2 \times 5 = 10$," and so on, the leader changing the tune occasionally.

There are eight teachers here, and we teach through the fifth vernacular standard. Two teachers have been sent to Ahmednagar for further training.

Most of the boys are on time these days. We've started a contest whereby a boy may make six marks a day—if he's present, on time, has clean face and hands (that's hard to judge—these brown faces), has clean clothes, has them mended, and has his hair combed. To help along the cause we have installed two mirrors, and each teacher has needles and thread which are kept busy at recess time. They're a better looking group of boys now. And the fourth standard room is a better looking room to the extent of a blue and silver banner, which its proud possessors are working hard to keep for next month too.

All the rooms look attractive now. Some fine friends in America sent us pictures. The teachers came to our bungalow for tea one day and we mounted them; 'twas heaps of fun doing it, they thought. But the ecstatic moment was reached the next day when the boys found their barren walls so beautifully decorated. I hadn't realized how tremendously happy they could be about it.

We have had report cards printed this year, and they're proving a grand success; they have awakened *much* interest in the school work, both among the boys and the parents. The parents, in fact, are responding beautifully in many ways. Our school yard is surrounded by a very large number of people and their little houses, and they enjoyed the use of our yard for many and sundry purposes. The teachers were most discouraged about ever getting it really clean and keeping it so. But we got busy, and lo and behold! the parents decided that if we wanted it clean that badly, they'd help us out, and now we have a clean yard.

We have parents' programmes every two months or so, which seem to be appreciated very much. We find out when there is to be a holiday in the mills, and then set the date; for most of the parents, alas, work all day in the huge, noisy cotton mills.

Tuesday afternoons our school staff collect on our school playground and play with all the children, big and small, of the neighbourhood. The children do so enjoy it. Between seventy-five and a hundred come. We've just begun this, and expect some interesting developments from it.

School is out at one, and the boarding boys come home in a hurry, for they are hungry. They eat immediately, then at two o'clock go to *karkhana* (manual training) for two hours. After that is Boy Scouts two days a week, prayer meeting on Thursday, and special classes the teachers have on other days. When there is



A SICK BOY IS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL

nothing else to do, they play cricket, volley-ball, marbles, roll hoops, yes, and shoot birds with bean shooters—when not caught at it!

At six o'clock they sit in two rows again for prayers, and their evening meal. From seven to nine they have supervised study in the study hall, with the aid of their new, low, green desks, which they have made this year in *karkhana*.

On Saturdays they're out of school at ten, and come home to bathe and wash their clothes, which, when dry, are brought to a circle around our boarding matron, who helps the owners mend the inescapable holes. Their special Saturday work of various sorts follows, and afterwards play.

Six of the boarding boys go to a Hindu High school here, which is above the grades of our school, and four boys work—boys who have been reared in our boarding and have no home—one in the mill, two at carpenter work, and one is a postman.

These are great boys, and here are great opportunities. God is ever near to help us, and things worth while are being accomplished.

Woronoco Girls' School Sholapur

There are two departments in Woronoco: the Primary with standards (or grades) from the first to the fourth inclusive; and the Secondary, or Anglo-Vernacular, with standards where English is taught. Most of the girls are Christians. We do have two Brahmin girls. The little bride in the picture is their cousin. She also came to Woronoco



"COME, HELP US PULL!"

until she was married. There are now about a hundred and fifty girls in school. In June, Miss Hammaker was appointed to the staff of Woronoco School. It means a lot to the school to have her.

From Woronoco's Watchtower

By Miss Hammaker

How would you like to go up in our tower,
Up where the sky is blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a person can do!

Up in the tower and over the yard
Till we can see so wide
Playground and children and gardens, and all
Over the countryside!

Till we look down on the trees so green,
Down on the earth so brown;
Up to the tower let's go climbing again,
Up to the tower, then down.

(With apologies to Stevenson.)

It's a pleasant vista, this one from our tower.
Past the rooms on the first floor where the girls
have their home—their dining room, and sleeping



A BRAHMIN BRIDE FROM WORONOCO

rooms, and their grinding room and kitchen—
past some schoolrooms on the second floor, up
into the tower where we can see far and wide.

Before us spreads the big Woronoco compound.
There is a tree-bordered walk and here and there
are groups of girls sitting on the ground or



WORONOCO'S WATCH TOWER

walking about studying, for school begins at eleven o'clock. Shouts of laughter from the playground bring looks of wishing that they did not have any more homework than the little girls! The little girls, all clean and tidy for the day with the help of their "big sisters," are having a glorious time on the swings and the slide and teeter-totter. And the giant-stride is very much in action.

Some of the girls are not able to keep their minds on lessons, for they are very full of the recent visit of Dr. Jones, of world fame because of his *Christ of the Indian Road*. Bits of their conversation come floating up to us—

"Oh how I wish he had not had to go away!"

"Wasn't he good to write to *Deshachi Aie* (Mother from Another Country) about our 'goodbye?'"

"You know, I think he liked the bangles we gave him for his little girl, and the water jar for travelling. He seemed so pleased."

"He is surely a man of God. I wish he were here in Sholapur always."

We wish so, too.

Who is that coming down the road from the Dufferin Women's Hospital, looking very spick and span in her white sari? It must be Nurse Margaretbai. What a story-book experience she has had recently. You know she has been with us in Woronoco since she was a tiny baby, only a few days old. And now she is a young woman, and a trained midwife. Not long ago she was attending a woman and her little new-born baby, when suddenly the woman burst into tears.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" asked Nurse Margaret. "What can have happened? You are getting on nicely, and your baby is all right. What are you crying about?"

"Oh, oh, I am sure you are my brother's daughter whom he gave as a little baby to the mission. You do look like our family."

And, sure enough, before long there were callers for Margaretbai, and she found she had a father and a grandfather and other relatives just like other girls. The old Hindu grandfather came to see the Mother-from-another-country who had taken such good care of his little little granddaughter through all the years, and the father came to tell the story of his bringing the tiny baby after the death of her mother, when he was in such desperate need. They were pleased with the care Margaret had had and glad she had had an education. But they did rather feel she ought to be married—true to their Indian tradition!

And all this came to light because of a little mole on Margaret's cheek! By this her family recognized her.

One of the girls is coming in the front gate with a chubby little boy on her hip. He is a little Woronoco grandson, and four years ago his mother was a school girl here. They are bringing the morning mail. There is a letter from one of our girls who is in Poona, studying to become a teacher. We are very proud of Mary, for when she took her final examinations last year, before going on for training, she was the first among two hundred and fifty-seven girls in Poona. That examination has a reputation for being hard, too.

The teacher going across the playground there is Gracebai. She teaches English and is a keen Girl Guider. She is active in Christian Endeavour, too, as are all our girls. In fact, Woronoco has one of the liveliest of all the ten societies in Sholapur. The coming of the new C.E. General Secretary from America, in July, gave us new impetus. Thirteen of us went down to a Presbyterian station, Kolhapur, to the big convention, where we welcomed the new

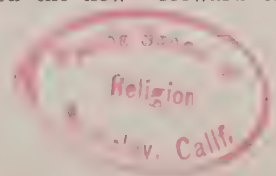
secretary. Some of the money to send the Woronoco delegates was earned by the girls in the hot season. There was a very impressive meeting in June, at which each girl who had earned anything or saved, brought her offering up to the front and told how she had got the money. Some had saved bangle money, some had saved what they would ordinarily have spent for sweets, and some had worked for it—making lace, or cooking delicacies in the hot season for other people who wanted to buy them. Altogether the girls brought over twenty rupees, which means to them what twenty dollars would mean in a similar group at home. We thought it was splendid.

It is a good thing to stop sometimes and go up to the tower from which we can see all our domains—our school buildings, our gardens, our walks, and most of all our one hundred and fifty-six girls and ten teachers. There are one hundred and six girls in our boarding department. It is for them that we are so happy when exciting boxes come from America, from their friends. There have been several recently, and it has been such fun to unpack them and find sweet little dolls, the dainty nightdresses, the soap and towels, the toys, and all the gifts. We are putting them all away for Christmas time. Just imagine how happy one little girl will be with a pretty new doll, and then multiply that by fifty or seventy-five (if we have that many dolls). That means a lot of happiness!

We want for our girls happy, wholesome surroundings, Christian homes, every opportunity for a good education, and a chance to grow into fine Christian young women with ability, and more than that, a desire to serve. Towards this we are working. We appreciate the gifts of others. We want also their interest, and their prayers.

SONU

Sonu's mother was dead. Father tried to be kind. But he didn't know what a little eight-year-old girl liked. And of course it was her duty to work about the house, and help all day long. Sometimes nice things happened. It was exciting to have Babu, her brother, come home from school for a holiday. He went to school in Sholapur, a big city, seventy miles away. School must be very wonderful from all the tales he told her. But she didn't go to school. Why didn't girls go to school just like boys did? She did know of one girl who had been to school. And that was another time Sonu always looked forward to—the day that Salubai came home



for holidays. Salubai had gone to a school, the Woronoco School, which was in Sholapur too. She had been taken there years ago, in 1900,



SONU

when there had been a terrible famine. Sonu had heard awful tales about that famine. Salubai had gone through the school grades, and then had taken a special course called a Kindergarten Training course. Now she was a teacher in the school. And what lovely stories she told about the girls in the school and what they did. Salubai was very different from all the other girls in the village. Sonu knew this keenly, and how she longed to be like Salubai. Couldn't she, somehow, go to that school, and learn to

read, and sing, and sew, like Salubai?

These thoughts were always in Sonu's mind. One day, when things were particularly unpleasant and hard at home, she said to her father, "Father, I am going away. I'm going to Sholapur to school, like Babu does." She held her breath, but father didn't say that she couldn't. Probably he thought she didn't really mean it. But he didn't say she couldn't. She had nothing to take with her except the rather old sari that she wore. So she did not delay. She started out. The nearest railroad station was eight miles away. And Sonu was just a little girl, eight years old, and she was all alone. At the station there was a kind woman who put her on the train. It was a long journey to Sholapur, and Sonu was tired from her long walk, so she fell asleep.

When she woke up she asked a kind-looking man where Sholapur was. "I'm sorry, but Sholapur was the last station. We have passed it, little girl." But Sonu wasn't worried. At the next station she got off. It was late in the night, so she lay down on the station platform and went to sleep. She was quite fearless. She had only one thought — that some way, somehow, she would get to Sholapur.

In the morning she found some people who were walking to Sholapur. She went with them the nine long miles. But they left her on the outskirts of the town, and she didn't know which way to turn. Wandering down the street she saw a large building. Maybe this was the school her brother went to. So she watched to see whether Babu might not come out. Failing to see him, and being very tired, she sat under a tree and took a long rest. Then, in the afternoon, she started her wanderings again. Through a fence she saw a group of boys playing. She watched them intently. Then, suddenly, she was full of joy, for there was Babu, there was her own brother! Then it was all so easy, for he showed her the way to the Woronoco School, and there she found Salubai, who took her to the head mistress, Sulochanabai, and she took her into the school. Sonu was happy. Her dreams were coming true.

Sonu has been in school eight years now, and she is in the highest class. She has been a fine, trustworthy girl, which has won her a real place in the life of the school. The Sonu who as a little girl persistently and courageously found what she was looking for, will go from her school to be a real influence among people, and a heroine for other little girls to follow.



IN SONU'S VILLAGE

Vadala Schools

Vadala Mission is a village mission station, twenty-seven miles from a railroad. Here there is a Station school with its boarding department, and a Vocational school. Vadala seems to be a place for excellent experimenting along much needed lines. For not only is Rev. Robert Fairbank doing splendid work with the Vocational school, but Mrs. Robert Fairbank is bringing into use really workable methods of religious education. For their daily courses in religious education the children flock to the church building. So let us let the church tell us about it.

"Some time after I had been built, and served the people for their religious services, I heard someone say, 'Our young people and children grow up about us and care all too little for us. Our church means little to them. Why is this?' We all began to think, and we said, 'Why our Sunday schools are not very efficient, and we are leaving it all up to the school to educate our children in Christian living. We have a duty which we have not fulfilled.' We looked about and saw that by building two partitions we could not only improve our looks, but best of all create two nice rooms for religious education classes, with

long I hear the voices of children, who come by grades, or standards, to me to study and think about many problems in living and loving. There are aeroplanes to take trips to Palestine and about



VADALA

India. There are tables to teach of people in other lands. There is a ladder with each step marked with a character trait, made by the fourth standard, and many other things. I do love to hear the merry voices of the children, and many times I hear them say, 'Now we know that our church loves us, for it is helping us to know more about our Heavenly Father, and teaching us how to feel happy with one another.'

"Then there is the enthusiastic teacher. We hope to pay all of his salary in a year or two, but now we are only able to pay a third, for all our members do not yet realize the necessity of having a worker for our children. It certainly is worth all the time, work, and money that it takes. Why, one day some students came, and, sitting on my stone steps, they asked one of the missionaries some



ONE OF THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION ROOMS

little expense. We did not think we could build them all alone, but someone said, 'Perhaps half of the expense can be met by a friend of mine in America.' So, sure enough, now we have two nice rooms, and in each there are many things which tell of children's hands. All day

questions. One boy said, 'What does it mean to be baptized?' Another asked, 'But is it true that we can help every day to build Jesus' kingdom of love in our own lives?' Then others wanted to know, 'How do we know that God has forgiven our mean actions when we ask Him

to?' 'Why did Jesus let those folks kill Him?' 'What made Jonathan give up his throne to David, was it the same kind of love that Jesus had?' 'How did the Apostles dare to go ahead and preach the principles of Jesus, though they

"The first school we shall visit is the Gangapuri School. It is half an hour's walk from here, but we won't mind that, for there is so much of interest to be seen on the way. As we cross the large bridge that spans the holy Krishna river,

we meet people carrying their *chupplas* (the Indian sandal), for they remove them before crossing, as they must be respectful to the great god Krishna. One is tempted to loiter on the bridge to watch the ever fascinating scene below. This is the rainy season and the river is swollen high. The current is swift, but it is at this time that the boys most enjoy swimming. Their brown bodies flash in and out of the water as we watch. On the temple steps, or ghats, that lead down into the water, the people are doing their morning worship. We wind our way



THE VADALA PLAYGROUND

knew they might be killed for it?'

"I rejoice that I can have a part in helping America and the missionaries make our nation Christian."

The Vocational School, Vadala

The Vocational school is growing in numbers, and there is little objection made now by parents to have their boys working at semi-industrial trades. The kerosene engine and pump work regularly every day since little rain has fallen so far. Two breeding pens of blooded chickens have been added, one of Black Australorps, and one of White Leghorns. A large orchard of lime trees has been started, too.

Wai Schools

Miss Gordon writes, "Looking back since the last report was written, the great event to me has been the coming of my associate, Miss Marycarol Jones. In her I have found a congenial, helpful daughter. She is gradually taking the work off my hands. In January, with her two language examinations behind her, she will take charge of all the educational work. It is a great joy to have her, with all her enthusiasm, ability, and earnestness, getting behind this work."

And Miss Marycarol Jones herself will take you visiting to the four schools for non-Christian girls and boys in Wai :

on through the crowded bazaar streets meeting people in every kind of costume imaginable. Here is a *sadhu*, or holy man, wearing a long, loose, saffron robe, his hair hanging below his shoulders in filthy, greasy curls that look more like rope than hair. He carries a begging bowl, and a string of elaborately carved beads, his rosary. In his hand is a queer one-stringed harp, made from a pumpkin-like fruit, and by this he accompanies his monotonous, twangy song. A little farther on we meet another type of holy man. If the children in America should spy him, they would be sure a circus had come to town. The upper part of his face is covered with a brilliant orange-coloured powder, through which his eyes leer horribly. Just below this is a streak of yellow, and his chin is a gorgeous green. He wears a non-descript shirt made from pieces of varied coloured saris (the Indian woman's costume). As he moves along with his queer chant, people give him food or money, and thereby gain merit from the gods. On either side of us are the little open shops and booths—the sweetmeat shops with stacks of sticky, fly-covered sweets, the brass shops with all their wares piles high up in front, and the cloth shops with piles of bright-coloured goods.

"At last we have reached the school. It is held in the upper story of a house, so we climb the

inside steps and enter a good sized room in which two teachers are holding classes. This first group are kindergarteners, or, as we say, below standard. The teacher, Subhaktibai, is sitting on the floor with a half circle of twelve or fourteen little girls before her. She is teaching them to count the pretty coloured glass beads in front of them. Later, when they learn to multiply and subtract, they will use these same coloured beads. Across from this group, sitting on a long rope matting, are twelve more little tots working busily on their slates. They jump up often, go to the pail of water in the corner, dip in their hands, and wash their slates. There are several little boys in the school, and they use their shirt tails in lieu of a piece of cloth for drying their slates, while the girls use the ends of their saris or part of their skirts. At the other end of the room, the second teacher, Krishnabai, has the first four standards—girls from seven to ten years—and is well occupied in tending to all of them. The children in this school are of several castes, Marathi (artisans), Shimpi (tailors) Kunabi (gardeners and farmers) and Kasar (brass and copper workers); then there are two Brahmin girls also.

"Many of the girls wear the red mark on their forehead, made with red powder or grease paint. Originally it was a sign of worship and still is to some extent, but with the children it is merely decorative. Some girls have their hair so carefully parted in the middle, oiled and drawn back very tightly into a knot in back, while other heads are frowsy and unkempt. The frowsy heads are found among the smaller girls, however, and among the older girls we can see very plainly the results of the hygiene lessons as taught in the school. If we should be visiting the school on Monday, we should find far more unkempt heads than usual, the reason being that among the

older conservative families there is a belief that if the girls comb their hair on Monday, some harm may befall their brothers.

"The next school we shall visit is the Aditwar School, which is in the Muhammadan section of the town. As we approach there is no doubt in our minds but what it is a school because of the sounds issuing from above. We climb an outside staircase and enter a room filled with tiny tots and first standard girls. The group near the door is studying its reading lessons, and in this country studying means reading aloud. The general idea seems to be that the louder one reads, the deeper is the impression that is made on the brain. The teacher, Anandibai, with a small group about her, is at the blackboard at the far end of the room, and, as they are learning their letters, all is not quiet there either. At one side are four first standard girls, who are committing a passage to memory. Memory passages are always sung, and they are doing this with great gusto. In the next room, Krupabai (Mercy) has the second, third and fourth standards. She is teaching the children how to read *Modi*, which is the running character used in official documents, and the Government requires it to be taught in the schools.

The children in this school are Muhammadan, Marathi and Hindu.

"While we are listening to the children, the calling woman comes in and explains why certain ones are absent. In every school we have such



A CHRISTIAN
HOLY MAN



HINDU HOLY MEN. ONE IS LYING ON A BED OF SPIKES

a woman, whose business it is to call the children to school every morning and afternoon and to bring new pupils to the school. If a child is ill, this woman must report it to the teacher. She must be a caste woman in order to be allowed to enter the homes of the caste children. There are times when the children want to play 'hookey' (how many of us played 'hookey' in our youth!) and so they hide from the calling woman. Only a caste person is ever allowed in the kitchen, and if she were not a caste woman the children would hide there and the result might be hard on our schools.

"The Kivra, which is the next on our list, is the only one in a building of its own, for the other three are in the upstairs of buildings that we rent. This is a bright, airy, mission building, which is much better suited to school purposes than are the other three. All the children in this school are in the first standard and below standard, and range in age from four to nine years. It differs from the other schools in being chiefly a boys' school. There are Muhammadan children, and children from the various divisions of the Depressed classes in this school. There are several Municipal schools in the town, but the majority of the Muhammadan girls, who are in school at all, are in our schools—the Aditwar and Kivra. It is approaching closing time, so let us remain a few moments longer. The children put away their books and slates and then stand in two rows at either side of the room, facing each other. They sing a song in which they tell us how glad they are that they can come to school. Then they fold their hands and say the Lord's Prayer. When they break ranks they troop out noisily and happily, just like our children at home.

"The Kasarmardi School is above our mission dispensary. We have the upstairs for our school and it is the finest upstairs in all of Wai—bright, sunny, airy rooms. Let us visit this school on Sunday morning. Sunday school is held in each of the schools from seven-thirty to eight-thirty, every Sunday morning, and children from the

surrounding neighbourhood come, whether or not they attend school during the week. There are fifty-two children gathered here this morning, and how they do sing! They sing five or six hymns from the small hymnals, after which they are taught a Bible verse. The teacher has the children tell last Sunday's story, then she tells a story with the children prompting and adding their bit. They sing again and close with the Lord's Prayer. Friends from home have sent out old postal cards and these are passed out as the children leave. I really think they are a great incentive for the children's coming, for when no cards are forthcoming they are bitterly disappointed."

American Mission School for the Blind, Bombay

Nahimya, a Muhammadan boy, knows Allahabad, Delhi, Cawnpore, Bombay, and other large cities well. Yet he is totally blind. How can this be? Simply because a blind person, arousing sympathy, makes a good beggar. On one of his jaunts to Bombay he was taken to the Poor House. He hated this. So he was sent to our School for the Blind. The gypsy life of the streets was what he knew, and often he grew homesick for



BLIND BOYS CANING

it. Sometimes he longed to go back to Northern India, where he felt was home. So he, with other lads from school whom he had persuaded to his point of view, would often try to run away. One day three of them got as far as the railroad station. Fortunately, unfortunately the boys thought, the school *mali* (gardener) had gone to the train to meet an arriving blind student. He escorted the boys home. But as Nahimya learned to do things with his hands, learned to read, became acquainted with stories and the interesting things of the world, he became satisfied. Runaway problems ceased. Nahimya has become a Christian, and he appreciates the chance he has at school.

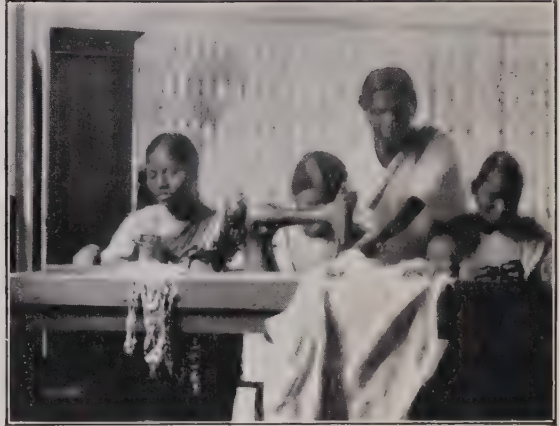
Jaiwant, with his little blind sister, was always sitting on the street corner which Miss

Lily passed every morning on her way to the bazaar. "Two little blindies, begging," thought Miss Lily. Finally, one morning she stopped and asked Jaiwant, "Wouldn't you and your sister like to go to school, and learn how to make things, and to read, and play with other children?" Jaiwant was eager. But his eagerness faded as he remembered that he and his sister by their pathetic begging had to support father, mother, brother, aunt. But Miss Lily knew he wanted to go to school, so she said, "Never mind the others now," and then and there Jaiwant and his little sister were taken to the school. After much persuasion the family let them stay. Now, after six years, he can care for himself in a cleanly way, he can read, he can write, he can cane chairs and make baskets, and he can play the harmonium and knows many songs. Jaiwant now has finished school, and is waiting to find employment. No more will he beg.

Employment is a problem. Some boys go out to do a kind of evangelistic work. At Wai one of the former schoolboys plays the organ for the church. Some of them go around with district workers, leading the music, playing and singing, and even reading to the people from their Braille Bibles. Some are music teachers in our schools. Others find employment in the railroad shops, where they do repair work, chair and bench caning for the railroad.

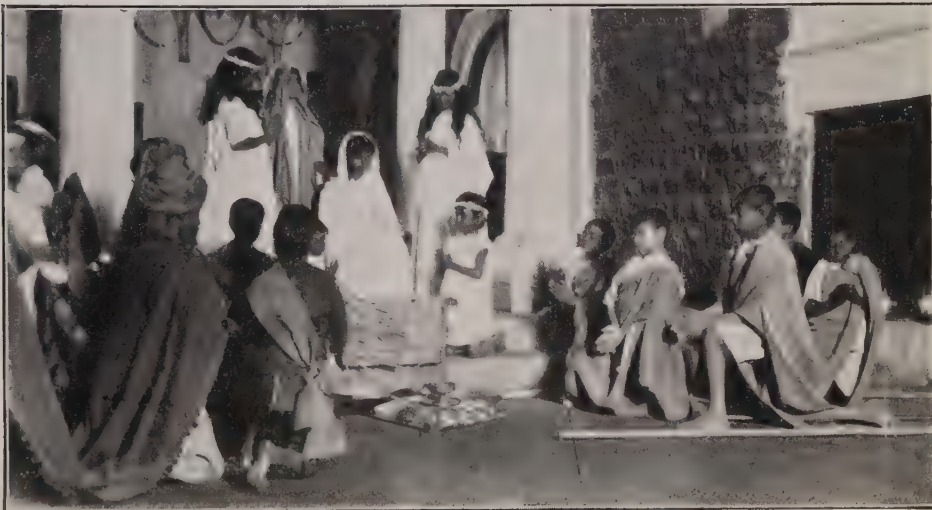
Throughout their school lives they are taught

that they, though handicapped, can give to others. And how they enjoy it when they can do something for others! You would like to know



BLIND GIRLS AT THEIR SEWING

sweet spirited Itchar. The Seva Sadan, a society working for the social betterment of India, brought her to us. Now she has finished her training. She has gone through school up to the High school. She can knit. She makes pretty bead chains which are sold to help the school along. She sings well, and she can play on the piano. The other day there was a concert for the benefit of a tiny church. Our school children sang. Itchar sang solos. One of the blind



A PAGEANT OF CHRIST'S BIRTH, GIVEN BY THE BLIND CHILDREN

teachers played beautifully on his Indian sattr and dilruba—stringed instruments.

But Itchar is through school and what is she to do? Where can she go and live a safe life? She can't go out in this land and shift for herself as the boys can. This year Itchar has four companions like her, not knowing where they can go. Some girls could go home. But what is an orphan to do? Government says to us, "Please establish a Blind Industries Institute. The country needs it." "But though Government aids each pupil in the school with fifty rupees a year, when schooling and training is over Government does not care to pay more. The Mission has not the wherewithal to start up such an institute. Yet it is desperately needed. What shall we do? What will Itchar and her four companions do?"

Ahmednagar Boys' Industrial School

By S. Smith

Christian missionaries were pioneers in industrial education. The Christian convert, being now not as despised and persecuted as formerly, does not need the shelter and protection he used to require of the mission. The Hindu system had its divisions for various artisans: carpenter, goldsmith, potter, and such. Some of these castes ranked very high in the social scale. Outside the caste skilled workers were unobtainable. Christian industrial schools did much toward breaking this caste system down. Now the problem is to make efficient enough artisans among the Christians. Then they will be able to secure and retain good positions among the rest. Western machinery and methods have brought unemployment. Therefore mission industrial schools must turn out qualified and capable men. For such will be employed.

The Ahmednagar Boys' Industrial School is one of the oldest and best of such schools. The students are trained technically, mentally, physically, and spiritually. The technical trades include electricity, carpentry, building construction, and automobile work. The electrical department, run by our students, supplies most of the mission institutions in Ahmednagar, and some of the Government buildings. The plant has been enlarged this year and the voltage increased from 110 to 230.

We now have fifty-one students doing regular study and practical work. Of these, forty reside

in the boarding department. These come from distant villages and represent eight different missions. During the year the students have erected a new dormitory for themselves, accommodating thirty-six students. The old dormitory was a dark, airless, mud building. The new one is light and airy, leaving little to be desired.

Students who are backward in any educational subject necessary for their technical training are given special tutoring. The students sit for the Government examinations in electricity and carpentry. In the past seven years ninety-five per cent. of those taking the examinations have passed. Regular periods of games, physical training, and scouting keep up physical fitness among the boys. The school has its own dispensary with medical supervision. Sickness is rare.

The church of the future will be comprised of the present rising generation. We keep their spiritual welfare right to the fore. Practically all the boys attend daily morning devotions and Sunday school. Arrangements have just been completed for our prayer room. It will accommodate about eighty people. We trust this will add to our life. We have a weekly Bible class attended, generally, by about sixty boys. The evangelization of their own country is impressed upon the students. Several times during the week parties go out to surrounding villages preaching the "Glad Tidings." This year a chassis was bought from Bombay and the students built the body for a new Ford van. This is used for mission work in the districts. It can be used as a caravan, or as a medical van accommodating two stretcher cases. "Evangel" is its name, and we trust it will help many to come out of darkness into light. But we have a problem. "Evangel" costs about forty-five dollars a month to run.

We have a library containing simple technical books, and school books, as well as good stories and biographies. Many are second-hand, and we want more.

One visitor said that our compound, which covers about fifteen acres, was practically a mission station in itself. We are proud of our work for it is one of the best of its kind in this area. We always have needs. Our greatest need is the prayers of others for us, that those whom we touch may come to our Lord, and be satisfied.

The Union Training School, Ahmednagar

By Mrs. Wright

LEAVES FROM A SCHOOL BOY'S DIARY

June 19. *Ahwa, Dangs.*

Just think! Tomorrow I leave here to go to the Union Training College for Primary Teachers in Ahmednagar, the city where there are three thousand Christians. There are seventy-five here. There are cinemas and theatres there, and a big bazaar. "Life," who went there to school last year, tells me that there are electric lights in our dormitory which are lit by pulling a trigger. And he says water comes through an underground pipe from a tank seven miles away. I've never even been on a train before! Guess, I need to see a little of the world before I settle down to teaching. The year at 'Nagar certainly made a man out of Life.



A PROJECT HOUSE

June 20.

Here I am at school. It was a wonderful trip. First, a whole day through the jungle on foot with my tin trunk and bed bundle on my head. Then in that long garland of wooden houses, drawn by a screeching giant horse belching fire, smoke, and steam. I'm overawed. How shall I ever be able to recite in class? They must think me a big, awkward fool here. It's all wonderful. I can understand in a way why John ran away, but I'm going to stick it, despite the queer gone feeling inside of me, and the shakiness of my knees.

I feel like a terrible greenhorn. But I'd rather be that than one of these married chaps, of whom there seem to be several, young and old. It must be a worry having to support a family at home on a scholarship. One of the young married ones has been very



IN THE SICKROOM

friendly to me. He told me his wife and newborn baby are with Hindu relatives, who are threatening to expose it, if she will not recant. He thinks he may have to leave school unless she can come here to live. But it's hard to find houses here, for Joy, an older teacher with nine children, all very near of a size, is occupying a house in the compound which is ordinarily our sickroom. Hope it will keep any of us from falling sick.

June 25.

My, but we have to work hard here! Besides regular Government subjects we have handwork, agriculture, and religious education. We have to pass in the latter before we can sit for the other subjects, because we are Christian first, and character building is our first concern. We have a quiet hour at noon, when we are called by a bell to seek a solitary spot for prayer and meditation. Then there is a little vine-covered prayer room in a secluded corner, with a pretty little garden in front, a rug, pictures, table, and Bible within. A chap who lives in a crowd, one of ten or more in a dormitory room, appreciates such opportunities to be alone with the Master Teacher. Every morning in chapel our principal talks to us. I tell you, wrong doers may well shake in their shoes, only we don't wear any here, for simplicity is one of our principal's pet ideals. So all our little vanities are locked away in our boxes until vacation.

June 26.

Mentally all our teachers are stimulating. I still feel as though I were floundering in class. But I mustn't let it all overwhelm me and disgrace my Sahib and school, especially as I'm only the second boy from our mission station to come here, and they need trained teachers back home, who will also work for God's kingdom of love and peace. There are fourteen different missions represented in the school, besides two Hindus, one Muhammadan and two Roman Catholics. The Muhammadan lives with us in the dormitory, and is really a Christian at heart, a keen Bible student.

June 27.

We have to get up at five o'clock. And we must be dressed, washed, and fed, by the time the whistle blows for drill at six. The cook-women rise between three and four to bake our bread. Glad I'm not a woman. We have a fine, Y.M.C.A. trained, drill master. School begins at seven. We have agriculture and practice teaching on Wednesdays. The fellows grumble a lot about agriculture. I think we need it to bring

us into closer contact with the communities where we will teach. It will help us in eking out our incomes too. I can't see why the chaps over this side object to rolling up their sleeves and working. Even Jesus was trained to be a carpenter. Each of us has a plot at the farm. Our housefather is our Agri. Prof., a true Christian, who knows his job.

We play volley-ball, cricket, basket-ball, kho-kho, atyapatya, and other games. Saturdays we have exciting matches with other schools.

July 10.

Had my first practice teaching to-day. Was frozen with fright. The kids are so used to being practised on, that they think it a picnic, and give us chaps a stiff tryout. Poor kids! Each of the ninety of us teaches them thirty lessons and four more in religious education. We learn mighty interesting methods for arithmetic, beginning and silent reading. They use standardized tests too.

July 15.

The teacher with nine children has had to move his family out of the sickroom. The sickroom is full. There are rumours of typhoid, as well as malaria and dysentery.

July 25.

Have just come from watching the British Soldiers' Polo Match. Last night we went to a lantern lecture on Kashmir in the Women's Bible Training School. The girls there are pretty and intelligent looking. I'd like to marry that kind. She would be something besides a household drudge. She would understand my work, and could do women's work herself to help the community. Too bad they don't have girls in this school. Wonder how they expect us to get acquainted with the right kind of girl.

August 2.

Excitement! Four cases of typhoid. Sahib and Madamsahib are doing their best to make a comfortable hospital out of the sickroom. There are no hospital accommodations for men in the city except at the Government Hospital, where Christians get raw deals from the non-Christians. The school doctor is pretty battered up himself with malaria and a bad heart, and half his family of eleven children and his wife have malaria, too. The Russian doctor from the Mission Hospital for Women is helping.

August 5.

Feel too rotten to write. Was inoculated for typhoid this afternoon.

August 12.

Think I can crawl to school to-day. Didn't take this dose as hard as the last.

August 15.

Two typhoid cases have been brought back into the dorm. They'll go home as soon as they are strong enough now. Another one is delirious. They think that all four will pull through all right, though.

August 17.

I was assigned a report in Readers' Club last week. I was scared to death. But we must read. We have a little library, and the Sahib puts the most important news on a blackboard where we can all see it, as there aren't enough newspapers to go around. Good idea to take back to the village. I'm just full of ideas to take back to try in the village!

August 19.

To-day it's my turn to supervise the practice school playground. A club of girls in America raised the money for the swings, see-saws, and slide. It seems they have a big playground like this in every city in America. We are getting more and more children to come.

August 25.

An old milkman brings his buffalo to school every morning! He has to cleanse everything he uses before he milks it here in the yard. Then nine little boys of the practice school line up with aluminium cups, get them filled, turn their backs politely, and drink the fresh milk right down. Next, out comes the codliver oil squad to swallow their fishy doses. A third squad gets iron tonic. A fourth goes every day to the hospital for blue-stone treatment on their eyes, —trachoma. The Russian doctor has charge of this preventive work. I must take this all in so I'll know what to do back in the village.

They test the children mentally here, too, and put the laggards in a special class. Often after some time in these special classes the children can go back into regular work and do well.

September 7.

I'm invited along with nine others to tea at the principal's bungalow to-day. Hope I'm not tongue-tied, and don't upset the delicate teacups. Last night we had a *bhajan* with our new baby organ, clappers, and cymbals, in the moonlight. 'Twas great!

October 5.

Never had such a good time as at Scout Camp.

Our leader was a Government trainer, a Brahmin. The camp fires at night were fine. And the studying of the wonderful stars!

November 1.

My Sahib has written that he can't afford to have me come home for Christmas. That's a comedown! Christmas play is going to be great — "The Story of the Other Wise Man." I'll write more during vacation.

Three Tenses in the Bible Training School, Ahmednagar

By Miss Harris

PAST TENSE

Where there is no vision the people perish is as true of institutions as it is of people. It was a vision of the place our school might fill in western India that enabled it to lay broader foundations a few years ago. Visions must be embodied entities, and must stand with both feet on the ground to be of value to our world. This is what our forward look did as we kept it before us in prayer. In India, as everywhere else, earnest prayer moves mountains and provides means where none existed. As Indian women prayed, they began to work and to lay their sacrifices on the altar to be used in the construction of a more adequate home for this institution. School girls entered the arena, and how the gifts came in, for women and girls had a mind to work for this object. Indian women laid the foundation and then women and girls in America joined hands with their comrades, and Indian and American women together completed the undertaking. A partial result of their labours is the present adequately equipped home for the Bible Training School in Ahmednagar.

PRESENT TENSE

The vision of usefulness this school was to fill included a more extensive course, and this phase of the project has kept us occupied much of the time since the completion of the plant nearly four years ago. The centre, or foundation of our course, is a study of the Bible in the vernacular from the standpoint of the conditions in which the various portions were originally written. Next in importance to this knowledge of the Bible, is a knowledge of how to teach it. This is given in a course in Religious Education which includes Child Study, Method, and Curriculum. Another of the foundation studies is Hinduism. The planting of the Christian Church in the world, together with some of the problems

raised thereby, forms the background of the course in Church History.

No course for our women is complete that does not include Domestic Science. Besides the regular subjects in Domestic Science, ours includes some problems of village improvement. The list of studies includes Language, Marathi Poetry, Hymns, *Bhajans*, and Outdoor Games, meeting as far as possible the needs of the whole man.

The work outside of the classroom includes a Sunday school for non-Christian children conducted by the students; weekly trips to villages where questions of health and sanitation, as well as those of general improvement, are very real ones; weekly calls in the homes of high caste women, and taking part in a little club composed of some of these women.

We are very fortunate to be able to undertake a project in Religious Education in connection with the day schools in the districts about Ahmednagar. These are in charge of the Indian Mission Board. The superintendents call a meeting of the teachers of these schools every fortnight to study religious education as it is related to their school work.

It has become evident to us that the name of our institution, Bible Training School, does not indicate all the kinds of our activities. We have not yet fully decided upon a name but think School of Religion would be more suitable than the present one.

At present seven other missions are co-operating with us in the effort to train Christian home makers, Bible teachers, and Bible-women. The students are busy and happy in this, their spiritual laboratory

FUTURE TENSE

Our hope for the future is to become more efficient in the lines of work we are doing, and to become increasingly useful in the Kingdom of God in India.

United Theological College, Ahmednagar

By S. L. Salvi

In the year 1928, the college completed half a century of its existence. From 1878, the year in which it was founded, to 1918, this institution was carried on entirely by the support and control of the American Marathi Mission. The



THE CONFERENCE GROUP. UNITED THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

founder of the college was the late revered Rev. R. A. Hume. One of the outstanding desires of Dr. Hume's later life was to seek co-operation and union among missions. Thus it was a joy to him to see the college enter a union with the United Free Church of Scotland, in 1919. The Rev. N. Macnicol, of that mission, was the chairman of the Board of Management of the college, and his ready and far-reaching advice in the important issues of the school has been a valuable asset all along.

During the year under review union was further developed. In 1929, two other missions, the American Presbyterian and the American Methodist Episcopal, participated in the union. The future of this institution, therefore, promises greater efficiency and wider usefulness.

The absence of the principal, the Rev. A. H. Clark, owing to his furlough, from April of this year, had caused quite a difficulty in the task of providing an adequate staff of teachers. Had it not been for the enthusiastic support in this matter of the missions co-operating, we would have been in danger of having to suspend the college. The missions are sending their able men to help out. We are anticipating the arrival of Rev. and Mrs. McCance in November, who will share with us in the work of the college.

We started with six students in our English class last year. Owing to an urgent school need, one has withdrawn. Thus we are left with only five students this year. They do fairly well, both in their college and private lives.

A very interesting group of circle and city pastors, of leading evangelists and Bible-women held a conference in the latter part of the month of August, at the express desire of the Ahmednagar Church Council. Those who attended came from the area of the Indian Mission Board, from Rahuri, Sholapur, and Mogalai districts. There were addresses of a spiritual nature, and discussions on topics of great practical importance. The evening discussion conferences were so designed as to touch the very centre of their practical life. Avenues of new visions were awakened. A consecration service proved of immense help. We were convinced of the fact that such short conferences demonstrate an intellectual refreshment, and that the fellowship of the workers together, inside and outside of the lecture hall, adds much to the active and united efforts for evangelism.

KRISHNABAI FINDS A BOOK

I am a Brahmin widow, Krishnabai, sitting alone, in the second-class carriage of an Indian train. I am leaving my husband's home to visit my parents in Buffalo Village. My heart is very sad. I have been sitting and wondering what I have done to have caused the death of my husband. I cannot think of any real sins, for I loved him, and he was all in all to me. I worshipped him as my master, my lord, and my god. Yet his family have been good to me. The love and consideration they have shown me, in spite of my widowhood, comforts me. They did not shave my head, or force me to wear the coarse white sari, or the ugly red one that orthodox widows must wear. But they have taken away my *mangalsutra* (wedding chain), and my pearl and gold ornaments.

I am travelling alone, and I am alone, and so lonely. This has been a long, long journey, across the dry plains of the Deccan. Night has come. It is growing so dark. I should have bathed, prayed to Vithoba, and eaten. But when the heart is sad how can one eat and be full of joy? The train is going slower. Where are we? We have come to a big station. I can just see, through the dark, great mills on the left. What is the name of the station? How glad I am that I can read a little. So-la-pur, Solapur. Yes, they told me, a great city of cotton mills. It is so dark outside. I am so alone. I shall be afraid all night.

How glad I am! Here comes a Baisahib (a white lady). She is coming to my carriage door. Will she be friendly, or will she be cross to a little widow like me? I will be silent and sit quietly in the corner of my seat. She is coming in. How tall and fair she is! Her eyes are blue. Will she speak? Now I shall not be alone. She looks at me and smiles. I will smile back. Does she know that I am a widow, nothing better than a servant? She smiles again, but does not speak. Perhaps she does not know Marathi. I like to watch her. She is making her bed for the night. Such clean, white sheets, white pillow. Now she is ready for bed, but she sits under the light with a book. What is she reading? Oh, how I want to know. I can only read a little, and I have no books at all. Dare I ask her to let me see it? Will she be angry? I am only a poor little widow. But she looks kind, and every time she looks up at me she smiles. I will be courageous. I must know what is in the book.

"Baisahib!" Ah, she looks up and smiles.

"Yes, Bai?" She smiles when she answers.

"Baisahib, what are you reading?"

"I am reading the story of a mother and her baby boy."

How slowly she speaks, as if our language were hard for her. The story of a mother and her baby boy. Ah, I must read it. Will she show me the book? My baby boy—I have left him with my mother-in-law. Perhaps he is the reason why they are good to me, for I have given my lord an heir, to carry on the ancestor worship of his family, to be the head of the house. Oh, my baby that I have left behind—I must know about this other baby.

"Baisahib, I can read a little. Will you let me read that story?"

Good, she holds out the book to me. The light is too dim. I will stand on the seat to reach the roof light. Ah, I can read it.—

"And there were in the same country shepherds, abiding in the fields, keeping watch over

their flocks by night, and lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them."

"Baisahib, this is a lovely story. Are there any more books like this?"

"Yes Bai."

"If I give you my name and the name of my village will you send me one?"

"You may have mine, Bai, it is full of lovely stories. I can get another one in Poona."

Oh, how kind she is, this Baisahib. A book for my very own. The story of a mother and her baby. I will read it all.

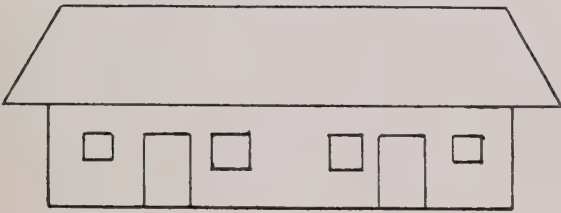
"—Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger—"

It is late, it is too dark to read, now. I must hide the story book or they will take it from me when I come to my parents' house. The story of a mother and her baby. I will read it all, all, for I am the mother of my lord's baby boy, though I am a sad little Brahmin widow.

**Mary B. Harding Kindergarten Training School and
Josephine Kindergarten School, Sholapur**

Come, fly across the water
And visit with us here ;
Just bring two eyes, an open heart,
And stay about a year.

We'll walk around our compound,
We'll visit in the schools,
We'll see how much it means to us
To learn by love—not rules.

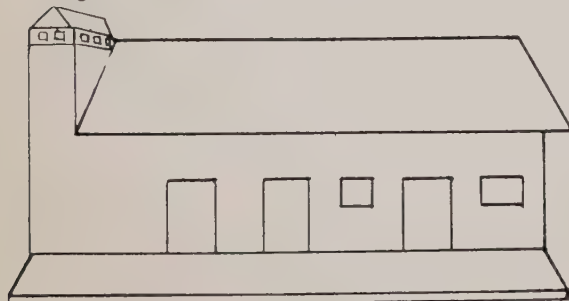


Our little homes are long and
low
And all joined right to-
gether ;
We sleep outside except in
rains.

Oh, how we hate bad
weather !

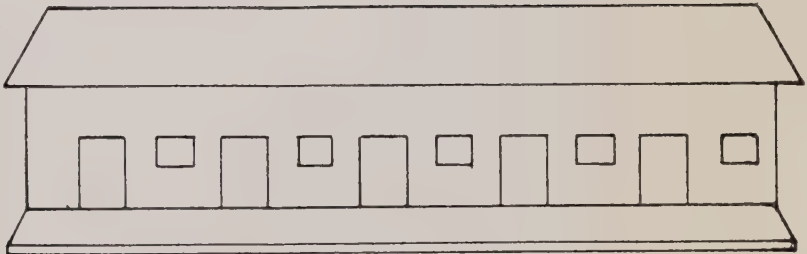
Four people in a tiny room !
The air seems more than
choking ;

But with no roof our porch
gets wet,
And that is most provok-
ing.



Quite close to our big bungalow
The office stands intact,
Our monsoon winds may fiercely blow,
But still it stands unwracked.

And with it, too, our trade room stands,
In it all things we build,
To show and know how people live,
And how their time is filled.

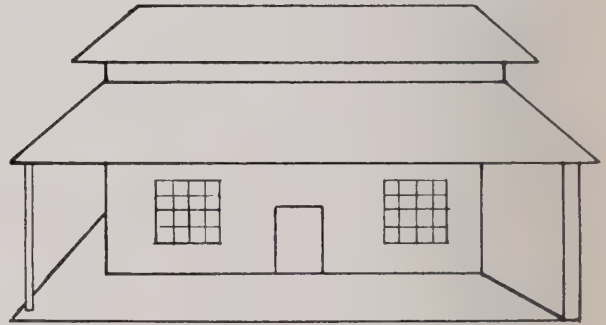


The cooking-eating house comes next,
We learn just how to do it ;
No maids for us ! Not in our school !
We all learn much about it.



The last two are the children's schools,
 They're crowded every day ;
 It's simply great to visit there.
 To live—they're on the way.

It's such a short perspective
 To cover so much ground.
 You miss a lot—you want much more—
 You cherish all you've found.
 So—live with us—though you're not here.
 With our work we can cope ;
 We work for you, we pray for you,
 As one we live and hope.



Do You Know That—

1. In 1901, the Mary B. Harding Kindergarten Training School was founded, under the name of the Josephine Kindergarten Training School, with about 13 girls enrolled.

2. In 1904, five girls received the Teacher's Diploma from this school.

3. By 1924, it was sending 325 teachers to 25 places in 10 different Missions in the Marathi-speaking area.

4. Since the beginning we have received Rs. 91 (about \$31) a month from the Home Board. This excludes salaries. We have not asked for more because we want our school to become self-supporting, and by now it has almost become so. Extra expense is otherwise borne.

5. In 1911, our school ran on about Rs. 4,800 (\$1,600), and since then we have used yearly about Rs. 1,000 more, making about \$1,950 a year which we count on for our expense.

6. By prayer, love, and your contributions we are going to add to our buildings and make our school more efficient and our influence more spiritual and helpful.

REMEMBER !

We are here as

YOUR OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVES,



WHERE TRAINING SCHOOL GIRLS COME FROM AND GO TO

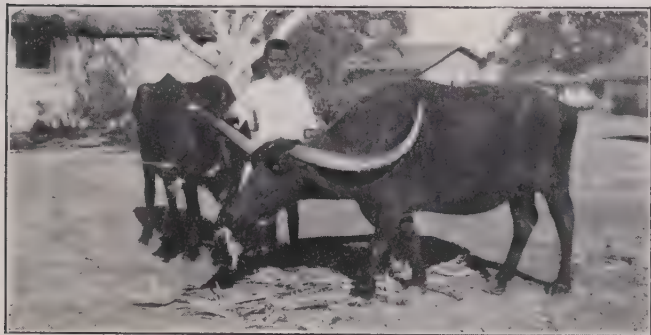
In every land where children are,
 At times one stops to ponder
 Just what does live inside a child
 And what he thinks and wonders.

We've many here of varied sorts,
 Whose chances are quite numbered ;
 Some come to school, some crave to come
 Though buildings are encumbered.

Here's one young hopeful on the way
 To fame and education.
 Do watch him grow ! We'll help him thrive,
 And win a reputation.



AT THE JOSEPHINE KINDERGARTEN



THEY EAT



WE DRINK



AND ARE MERRY



FOR TO-MORROW—WORK

LITERARY WORK IN THE MISSION

For many years our mission has had a leading part in the preparation and maintenance of Christian literature throughout this area, and this work has been continued during the past year.

“The Dnyanodaya”

This is an English and Marathi Christian weekly, representing six missions, and is the oldest religious paper in India, having been established in 1842. Mr. Edwards has been the editor of the English columns for ten years, and has made the paper a real power in Western India. It is widely quoted by Hindu editors and by other Christian papers in India. In February it was necessary for Mr. Edwards to leave India and take a furlough that has been long overdue. At the invitation of *The Dnyanodaya* Board, Dr. Wilbur S. Deming was invited to become editor of the English columns and accepted. The Marathi columns are being ably edited by Devdatt Narayan Tilak, LL.B., who is the son of the great Christian poet of Western India, and who is thus carrying on the family tradition.

The Marathi Hymn Book

It is with deep regret that we record the departure from India of Miss E. R. Bissell, Litt.D., who has been such a tower of strength in the literary work of the mission. After an operation on her eyes, inflammation set in and she became practically blind. In the opinion of the doctors, her return to America was the only advisable course, and therefore she left with Mrs. Beals in July. Before leaving, she turned over to Rev. H. G. Howard her manuscript of the tune book for the Marathi Hymn Book. She has been engaged in this work for years, preparing suitable tunes to go with the Marathi hymns, and to be printed along with the hymns. Unexpected difficulties have arisen from time to time, delaying the work, and many revisions have had to be made. She completed the revision of the hymns through Hymn Number 513, before leaving, and had also completed the proof sheets

through Hymn Number 492. This work is now being completed under the joint direction of Mr. Howard and Miss Clara Seiler, and it is to be hoped that the publication of the Marathi Hymn Book, together with the tunes, will take place in the near future.

“The Balbodhmeva”

For various reasons, Dr. Bissell decided to ask Mr. Tilak to become the editor of the Marathi monthly magazine for boys and girls, called *The Balbodhmeva*. Although the work on the *Dnyanodaya* and a growing law practice keep Mr. Tilak fully occupied, he nevertheless shouldered this additional burden with a willing spirit. While the subscription list is not high, its value for children and for schools is being increasingly realized, and it is filling a large need.

“The India Christian Endeavour”

This is the monthly magazine of the Indian Christian Endeavour movement in India, Burma, and Ceylon. During the past year and a half it has been edited by Dr. Wilbur S. Deming, who accepted this responsibility, pending the arrival in India of Rev. V. W. Abbey, the new national secretary. Mr. Abbey arrived in India at the beginning of July, and took over the magazine beginning with the October number.

“The Nava Shikshak”

The Nava Shikshak, or “New Teacher,” is the organ of the Union Training College at Ahmednagar and is a union enterprise. Although the American Marathi Mission has had the major responsibility for this school, four other missions are associated in its management. *The Nava Shikshak* is financed by the larger missions working in the Presidency, and is the only vernacular magazine for teachers under Christian auspices in this language area. It publishes material concerning programmes, suggestions to teachers, new methods, tests, games, and material for Christian education and training.

DR. E. STANLEY JONES VISITS SHOLAPUR

BY MISS ALLEN

There were six glorious days which Dr. E. Stanley Jones spent in Sholapur telling of his faith, of Jesus Christ, and why he chooses to stick closely to Him. That Sunday night when we felt that perhaps there might be trouble, and that something would have to be done to protect him from an attack of the people—that night we realized that such a man does not rely upon mere earthly power for right protection. His part of the lecture was finished, all but the questions which came after the lecture. A seemingly clever plan had been plotted whereby a few of the opposing forces were to try to undo all the good he had done and present their feeling on their own religion. Quiet, unperturbed, perfectly controlled and confident, he stood there, and with his great faith in God and the religion which he holds, the plot was soon revealed and a quiet after-meeting ensued. They parted friends, that great man and those who sought to defeat him. He goes about India presenting his Christ, telling of the love and peace and joy that may be had when we do follow Christ. He uses no force, makes innumerable friends and hears their points of view without contempt. "God came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." That is exactly what Dr. Jones is doing.

He told of his great attachment to Jesus Christ. Held by an inner faith, he lives in close contact with Christ. We must have a faith that we hold, and that can hold us. We must trust Jesus—His life is full of sincerity, a true,

unadorned account. He comes to us as a Person, and has power, winsomeness, and strength. There is beauty in Him. There is a touch of life in everything that He says. He crosses over from history into experience. He lived and still lives. He gathers up all the good and beautiful of the past and goes on and gathers newness—He presents this to us as our religion.

To be a Christian means a certain falling in love with God. First we draw near, then surrender heart to heart, then have perfect faith in each other, and, lastly, there is a constant adjustment of mind to mind, soul to soul, and being to being. We draw near in prayer—that quiet source which blends our wills with God's. To make that constant adjustment with God down through the years we grow. The result lies not in attainments but in obtainments. And as Christians, we must "let go" and "let God" make our religion a power to lift from a lower level to a higher level.

Christ is personal, intimate, real. Dr. Jones, it seems to me, is very close to that highest aim which we all seek—that of being Christ-like. He speaks the "words of God," he gives of all his depth of spiritual religion, and to know Dr. Jones one realizes that he is just as human as the rest of us. And we know that spiritual life and faith like his are available. The heart of Jesus holds us. And we can aim, with Dr. Jones, to stand and face everything and say to the curious, doubting throng, "Here's my faith. Break it—if it can be broken."

AROUND THE CIRCLE

You have travelled more than once around our Circle. We trust that now you know us better. Do you remember that after you entered that Gateway of India, into Bombay, you found some of us working there in that big city in our schools, in social work, and in church work? And do you remember boarding the train one evening, and travelling until the wee small hours, then having to get out and wait for the whole of one of the wee-est hours (which didn't seem at all wee to you!), until you could get on to the next train, which early in the morning landed you at Ahmednagar? And what did you find at 'Nagar? More schools,—schools of many kinds,—teacher training, Bible training, theological training, as well as the regular ones. The hospital there was your first Indian hospital! Wasn't it fascinatingly strange to see those sick people, with all their relatives camped about to prepare their food and be near them. In India being at the hospital most certainly doesn't mean leaving one's family! Did you go into the hospital at night and see the relatives sleeping peacefully on the floor around and under the patients' beds? And from 'Nagar you had your first trip into the district, and saw an Indian village. Which do you think you would prefer to live in, a mud or a grass hut?

Then a mission Ford took you from 'Nagar to visit Rahuri, where you saw the fine new church the people there have built, and the schools, and where you were most intently observed and stared at when you went to a

meeting of the women with the missionary. And here was more district work.

Vadala was just another hour or so run in the motor from Rahuri. By this time you were getting used to seeing the villages, their huts and the dirt. Can you yet see the difference in the people of different castes? In Vadala you were shown the latest experiments in religious education.

Sirur was the next place you went to.

There is no missionary there now, it is all turned over to Indians. There you saw the schools, and then went out to a preaching service in a nearby village and saw for yourself a group of people just about ready to become Christians.

Back at 'Nagar you took the train for Sholapur. Again you were rudely thrust out into the station in the early, early morning to change trains. People were sleeping all around the station. One thing an Indian seems able to do anywhere, amid any surround-

ings, with or without any sort of conveniences, that is to sleep. At Sholapur you saw more schools. And situated on the outskirts of that city of cotton mills is the fascinating settlement where the Government has brought together the "Criminal Tribes." Here, under mission and government, great changes are being wrought in the lives of many. It was at Sholapur that the Church Council was held this year, too.

Moving in our Circle, toward the Western coast, one begins to climb, and leaving the Deccan behind, attains the heights of the



Western Ghats. Up in the hills are Satara and Wai. To get there you had to again go back to the railroad junction of Poona. And from Poona you took a motor over a road that can compare with any scenic railway in America! At some of the cliffs and hair-pin curves you gasped for your breath, and you were ever so thankful if you were fortunate in having a careful driver! In Satara you were shown the educational work, and the welfare work, and, if you were still curious about the district, there was more of that. Then running over to Wai, taking an hour or so in a car, you visited the hospital. The busyness of the place impressed you? Everyone is anxious to get the electrical plant started, and the X-ray at work. Think how much that will add to what can be done for people. There, too, were schools, and the Abbott Home. Wai is situated by the holy Krishna river, along whose banks are many temples, and many devout worshippers bringing offerings and bathing in the holy waters. There you could learn much about the Brahmin customs, for it is a centre of these high caste people.

To complete the circle geographically, and very essential in completing the circle of a missionary's year, is the town of the long name, approached by still more climbing up and up the Ghats—Mahableshwar. The sea, forty miles to the west, is four thousand feet below. The months of April and May are burning hot down on the Deccan plains. It is imperative that the white man get away. So, for what part of those months he can be spared from the work, he winds up the precipitous ghat road, and, in bungalows which are reserved for our missionaries, he rests, drinking in the green of the woods, the blue and purple haze of the mountains as they stretch toward the sea. He builds up his body climbing the hillsides and exploring cliffs and caves and waterfalls. He is happy in the closer contacts with his fellow-workers from other cities, other towns, other missions. And it may be that in these days there is time—that long sought for time—to read, to write, to plan.

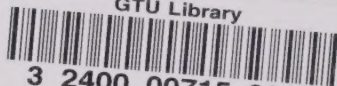
For those who have been but a short time in the new country, Mahableshwar means something else. March, April, and May are Language School months. He whose language examinations have not been passed must attend this

inter-mission school. A class with others in the morning. An hour or more with a private *pandit*. And hours of study by one's self. This, every day but Saturday and Sunday, does not seem much like vacation. But the language must be mastered. Without the speech of the persons with whom he works, the missionary wanes. Two hot seasons are usually spent in Language School.

Mahableshwar means a fairy playground to missionaries' children. Those who are of school age are in school at Kodaikanal, but the younger ones glory and thrive in the greater freedom of the woods and hills.

Down, down, down those four thousand feet, and a little to the north on the coast, you came back again to Bombay, the Island City. You have visited us. You have seen our works of various sorts. Some have interested you more than others. Some, we are sure, have made on your mind and heart lasting impressions—impressions which will urge you to action. There are many ways in which you can act to help us. You have seen with your own eyes the great needs we have for greater spirituality, stronger hearts, and fuller financial backing. You now *know* what wider service we *might* render, what demands cry out at us that we have to sad-heartedly leave unfulfilled. You, in the United States, are living in comfort and ease. What will *you* do for these your Indian brothers and sisters who so often know only fear, superstition, poverty—whose lives are comprised of an unlovely birth, a few years of sordid living, and a fearful death? And what will you do for others of your Indian brothers who are educated, who have comforts and wealth as you have, but who, because of the unchristianity they see in the West, because of the exploitation of their country by white persons who call themselves Christian, are cynical and disdainful of "Christianity"? Can you show them by your own life that there is a real Christ? Can you help the West redeem itself from its false Christianity, in the eyes of the East? It is your task there in America, as well as ours here in India. Do not forget. Sweet sounding words and thoughts will not suffice. There must be the fruits of action.

"A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the skirts of the robe round about."—Exod. 28: 34.



India's Lament

*A wandering minstrel with his hermit lyre,
Before my doorway went,
Sounding the dulcet lyric of desire
Upon his instrument.*

*'O Christ! pray, dost thou dwell apart from me
Like yonder queenly moon?
Like to the moth my soul is drawn to thee,
Devotion's 'shravan' Moon!*

*'To sit while I to thee love's garland raise,
To hear my love-tuned song,
Accept the 'arti' of my 'bhakti,' praise,
Christ! dost thou deem it wrong?*

*'Have man-made walls of sect or creed
Imprisoned even thee,
And shut me out from what I prize and need,—
Thy touch of sympathy?'*

*Like wandering minstrel with a tuneful lyre
'Hind' 'neath God's window goes,
Sounding this plaintive lyric, like desire
Its melting music flows.*

—CYRIL MODAK.

